

# The Academy and Literature

3d

FEBRUARY 4 1905

3d



## In English Homes.

*The Internal Character, Furniture, and Adornments of some of the most Notable Houses of England, historically depicted from Photographs specially taken by CHARLES LATHAM. Demy folio (17½ ins. × 11½ ins.). Printed on Art Paper and handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges.*

*Three Guineas net.*

*This beautiful book, the most sumptuous work of its kind, contains 200 full-page Plates and about 100 smaller Plates.*

## Newnes' Thin Paper Classics

Printed in large, clear type on extremely thin but thoroughly opaque paper. Photogravure Frontispiece and Title-page. Narrow Fcap. 8vo (6½ by 3½), Gilt Tops, Cloth Limp, 3s. net. Limp Lambakin, 3s. 6d. net per Vol.

### SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS AND POEMS.

In 3 Volumes, with Glossary.

MILTON'S POEMS.

BURNS' POEMS.

DON QUIXOTE.

BACON'S WORKS.

SHELLEY'S POEMS.

PEPYS' DIARY.

KEATS' POEMS.

POE'S TALES.

EVELYN'S DIARY.

LAMB'S WORKS.

THE VISION OF DANTE.

PEACOCK'S NOVELS.

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON. 2 Vols.

HAWTHORN'S NEW ENGLAND ROMANCES.

TENNYSON'S POEMS. 1830-1859.

LANDOR'S SHORTER WORKS.

WALPOLE'S LETTERS.

INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

POEMS OF WORDSWORTH. Edited by PROFESSOR KNIGHT.

MRS. BROWNING'S POEMS. 2 Vols.

THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO.

THE LIFE AND VOYAGES OF CAPTAIN COOK.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of BENVENUTO CELLINI.

HOMER'S ILIADS. Translated by GEORGE CHAPMAN.

HOMER'S ODYSSEYS AND SHORTER POEMS. Translated by GEORGE CHAPMAN.

SWIFT'S JOURNAL TO STELLA. With other Writings relating to Stella and Vanessa.

COLERIDGE'S POEMS. Edited by Professor KNIGHT.

EARLY ITALIAN POETS. By D. G. ROSSETTI.

"Newnes' elegant and compact series of classics in limp leather. We expect a great success for these editions."—*Athenaeum*.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

**Advertisements of Books (not Current Literature), Fine Art Publications, and Musical Compositions, WANTED, FOR SALE, and in EXCHANGE, are inserted, if PREPAID, at the rate of 3d. for every 8 words; but every SUBSCRIBER is entitled to a WEEKLY FREE ADVERTISEMENT if the following conditions are complied with.**

1. The Coupon in the current issue, filled in, must accompany the Advertisement (which must not exceed four lines or 32 words, including the address). No replies can be received at or forwarded through our Office. For every additional 8 words, 3d. must be prepaid.
2. The Book, Fine Art Publication, Print, &c., or Piece of Music to be advertised (except in the case of odd volumes or numbers of a magazine to complete a set) shall not have been issued during the last 12 months and so easily obtainable from the Publishers or through a local Bookseller.
3. The Editor retains the right to exclude any advertisement.
4. Advertisements for the week's issue must reach this Office by Tuesday morning, first post, and will only appear once unless ordered to be repeated.

### WANTED.

**\*\* Subscribers are requested to state clearly on their Advertisement Copy whether "Wanted" or "For Sale," and also to write distinctly.**

**C**OPIES of the Review of the Week for Jan., Feb., or March 1900.—**V. A. B.**, 3 Lansdown Terrace, Worbeck Road, Anerley.

**T**HIRLWALL'S Hist. of Greece, vol. 8, pub Longmans about 1852.—**Norman Bennett**, 41 Sheriff Road, West Hampstead, N.W.

**L**OYD'S Shipping Register (last edition); Armenia, by Lynch; Dennis' Works; Dennis' Miscellaneous Tracts; Dennis, Life of (not by Mr. Curli).—**Birmingham Free Libraries**, Reference Dept. (A. Capel Shaw).

**O**LD Maps or Books of Thanet.—**Blinko & Sons**, 27 Queen Street, Ramsgate.

**T**HE new volumes, XXVII. to XXXV., of the Encyclopædia Britannica (Times edition).—**K. Bolesvaine**, 166 van Breestraat, Amsterdam, Holland.

**S**OUL of a People, Lady of Lavender, City of Sarraa. Founder's Life of Christ, 2 vols., Things in the Forest, Her Own People, Climates and Baths of Great Britain, 2 vols.—**Bright's Stores, Ltd.**, Bournemouth.

**R**IVINGTON, Primitive Saints and See of Peter: Bate, Roma's Breviary; B. Henry Suso, Little Book of Eternal Wisdom.—**Burns & Oates, Ltd.**, 23 Orchard Street, London, W.

**F**IRST EDITIONS: Desperate Remedies, Far from Madling Crowd, Vanity Fair, Richard Feverel, Swinburne's Poems and Ballads (Moxon), David Copperfield: good prices for choice copies.—**"Collector"**, 574 Franklin Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

**J**OB Lots of Cloth Novels (Juvenile) by Henty, Ballantyne, Stables, &c.; cheap.—**J. Conlon**, 4 Vernon Street, Leeds.

**L**ORD LILFORD'S Birds, Dagdale's Warwickshire, edited by Thomas, 2 vols.; Orowe and Cavalcanti's History of Painting in Italy, 1864, 3 vols.—**Downing**, 5 Temple Row, Birmingham.

**J**ULIAN MARSHALL'S Annals of Tennis.—Offers to **J. G. Dunlop**, c/o Messrs. King, Hamilton & Co., 9 Hare Street, Calcutta.

**S**ECOND-HAND copies of Hours in a Library, Stephen II. and III.; Memoirs M. D'Arctagnan, II.; Neval; History Co-operation, II.; Holyoake; Queens of Scotland, VI., VIII.; Strickland (Blackwood), 1864; Forsaken Inn, A. K. Green; Mill Mystery, A. K. Green; What they Couldn't, "Pansy"; Lady Nancye and Vivisane, by "Rita."—**Francis Edwards**, 83 High Street, Marylebone, London, W.

**E**DOUARD'S A Treatise on Silhouette Likenesses (Longmans: 1835, &c.); Silhouette before 1800; interesting small Napoleonic prints in colour.—**Frank Fitz-Gerald**, 21 Porchester Square, Hyde Park, W.

**W**ANTED, Books on Mathematics, old books and recent, also modern classical books.—**Galloway & Porter**, Booksellers, Cambridge.

**L**ONDON Book Auctions, Part 2, Vol. 1, 1904, advertised in "Publishers' Circular" weekly as published by Frederick Marchmont, 56 Newington Butts, London, at 3s. per quarterly number.—**W. E. Goulden**, 5 St. Paul's, Canterbury.

**B**OOKS on Monumental Brasses, particularly Waller (large paper), Hollis, Camden Society, &c. Classical books, Libraries or small parcels purchased.—**W. Heffer & Sons**, 4 Petty Curry, Cambridge.

**P**ROTESTANT'S Family Bible, 56 plates, 4to; Last Vials, set or odd vols.; Battersby's sermons, vol. 2; Thursday Penny Pulpit, 17 vols.—**Charles Higham**, 27A Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

**O**LD Engravings, Maps, and Books relating to Richmond, Kew, Twickenham, Isleworth, Mortlake, Kewer Hall, Petersham, and neighbourhood.—**Hiscocke & Son**, Richmond, Surrey.

### WANTED.

**J**EWITT'S Ceramic Art, best edition; Haye's Practical Treatise on Planting, Dublin, 1794 or 1822; Hillegas' With the Boer Forces.—**Hodges, Figgis & Co., Ltd.**, Booksellers, 104 Grafton Street, Dublin.

**C**URRENT Literature and Surplus Books of every kind bought at fair prices for cash by **Holmes Bros.**, 4 Manette Street, Charing Cross Road (many years with Mrs. C. Hindley, of Booksellers' Row).

**S**CLOPPOTARIA, Considerations on the Art of Shooting, 1808.—**A. Iredale**, Torquay.

**W**ORKS by Wilde, O.; Whistler; Beardsley; books in large and small quantities purchased.—**J. Jacob**, 149 Edgware Road, Hyde Park.

**H**AMERTON'S Intellectual Life, odd volumes of Hawthorne's Works, edition bound in blue cloth, William Paterson, Edinburgh.—**Johnson**, 1 Regent Terrace, Cambridge.

**E**ARLY English Translations, Novels, Dramas, and Poems of works in German literature.—**W. T. Keemett**, Ithaca, New York.

**B**ERNARD SHAW'S Unsocial Socialist, 1888, Sonnenschein.—**W. J. Knight**, 147 High Street, Ventnor.

**P**OPULAR Novels for Lending Library books, in Welsh language; also any books relating to Wales.—**Lloyd & Townsend**, 13 Dillwyn Street, Swansea.

**C**OUNTESS Krasinska's Diary, in every language except English.—Offers to **Robert Lutz**, Stuttgart, Germany.

**G**AUSS, Recherches Arithmétiques; Lodge's Modern Views of Electricity; Helmholtz's World's History, Vols. 2, 5, 6; Astrophysical Journal, 1902, 1903; Knowledge, Vols. 15, 16, bound.—**Marling School**, Stroud.

**C**ONNOISSEUR, vols. 1 to 9, or any.—**A. & R. Milne**, Aberdeen.

**W**ASHINGTON (Gen.), Old Portraits of, and Books containing same; Any Portraits and Views of American Interest; Old Books and Tracts on America and Canada.—**The Museum Book Store**, 43 Museum Street, London, W.C.

**Q**UATUOR Coronati, vol. 1; Dumas' Celebrated Crimes, vol. 1; Poems by J. B., 1850; Vicar of Wakefield, 2 vols. (Salsbury), 1768.—**Myers & Co.**, 59 High Holborn, London, W.C.

**M**ACEY'S Specifications; Inglis (Lady), Siege of Locknow; Bain, Digit of the Moon, 4to; Willis, Canterbury Cathedral.—**James Parker & Co.**, 31 Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

**S**AVAGE, Sewerage of a Small Town; Phædrus, with notes by Thicknesse, circa 1741; Locker-Lampson, Lyræ Elegantiarum.—**H. H. Peach**, 37 Belvoir Street, Leicester.

**L**AW'S Little England beyond Wales; Annales Cambriensia; Nisbet's System of Heraldry; Loggia of Jesus; medonte's Les Roses; anything scarce or curious on Cornwall, old prints, maps, engravings, &c.—**Pollard**, Bookseller, Penzance.

**R**EPORT Modern Theological Works by best authors. Must be cheap and in good condition.—**Principality Educational Depot**, Y.M.C.A. Buildings, Cardiff.

**P**ULLING'S Laws and Customs of City and Port of London, 1849.—**Public Library**, Gravesend, Kent.

**R**ECENT Works on Philosophy, Theology, History, Biography, Travels, Science, &c.—**Public Library**, Nelson, Lanc.

**C**OMPITUM, vol. 5.—**Canon Quinn**, Ballybrack, co. Dublin.

**W**HITE'S Workshop, the Dukery, and Sherwood Forest, large paper, good condition, publishers' covers; Dalecarlian Conjuror's Day-Book (Ohatelaine).—**Thos. Ratcliffe**, the Dukery Bookshop, Workshop.

### WANTED.

**D**ICKENS (Charles), Oliver Twist, 3 vols, 1838  
— Nicholas Nickleby, in monthly parts or cloth, 1839  
— Sketches by Boz, in monthly parts or cloth, 1839, or any odd parts  
— The Village Coquettes, a Comic Opera, 1836  
— Songs, Choruses and Concerted Pieces in the Operatic Burletta of the Village Coquettes  
— The Strange Gentleman, a Comic Burletta by Boz, 1837  
— Sketches of Young Gentlemen, first edition, card-board covers, 1838  
— Great Expectations, arranged for a Reading, 8vo, s.d. [186—], a pamphlet  
— Proceedings Thirteenth Festival, Roy. Gen. Theatrical Fund, 1858, in yellow wrapper  
— Speech: Administrative Reform Association, Theatre, Jury Lane, 8vo, 1855  
— Sketches of Young Couples, card-board covers, 1840  
— Master Humphrey's Clock, in monthly or weekly parts, 1840-1  
— A Christmas Carol, first edition, 1843  
— Battle of Life, 1846, with publishers' names on vignette title-page  
— Martin Chuzzlewit, in monthly parts or cloth, 1844, or old  
— David Copperfield, in monthly parts or cloth, 1850  
— A Child's History of England, 3 vols, 1852-4  
— Story of Little Dombey, paper wrappers, 1858  
— The Poor Traveller, paper wrappers, 1858

**Walter T. Spencer**, 27 New Oxford Street, W.C.

**S**OUVENIR or Pocket Tablet for 1848; Prints of the Foot Guards; Microcosm of London, vols. 1 and 2, uncut.—**Robson & Co.**, 23 Coventry St., Piccadilly, W.

**B**ARING-GOULD, S., The Book of Were-Wolves, 1865 or other edition.—**A. S.**, 14 More's Garden, Chelsea.

**F**RENCH Revolution: Mémoires of Bishop Grégoire.—**E. A. S.**, Sangeen School, Bournemouth.

**S**PENSER'S Faerie Queen, illustrated by Walter Crane; 2 part 19 wanted.—**Soper**, City Librarian, Exeter.

**M**ULLOY'S Court Life Below Stairs and Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington; Sunday at Home, 1895; Sir Wm. Allan's Poems, Rose and Thistle, 1878.—**Spencer & Greenough**, 102 Granby St., Leicester.

**A**NY OLD PRINTS, Engraving, Maps, early Books or Pamphlets on America and Australia; anything on Money, Bullion, Trade, Commerce, Coin, Political Economy.—**Henry Stevens, Son & Styles**, 39 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.

**O**BSEVATIONS on a General Iron Railway, 1823; Osborn's Japanese Fragments; Romance of Forest and Prairie Life, Vinctely; Sidney's Arcadia, Arber's reprint.—**Suckling & Co.**, 13 Garrick Street, London, W.C.

**B**LACKSTONE'S Commentaries and Coke's Institutes; any editions.—**Sweet & Maxwell, Ltd.**, 5 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

**T**HORBURN'S Coloured Figures of British Birds.—**Achilles Taylor**, 198 Corporation Street, Birmingham.

**P**RAGUND Umgebungen; Praktischer Wegweiser; Berlin: H. Goldschmidt, 1890 [Bd. 26, Griechen's Reisebibliothek].—Any complete copy up to 3s. wanted by **L. C. W.**, 2 Gayton Road, Harrow, England.

**A**NY of Lord Lytton's Novels, 1860-2; also any by G. P. R. James, 1844-9.—**Webster**, Bookseller, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds.

**E**NGLISH Spy, 2 vols.; Gammonia, 1837; Guy Mannerling. Highest prices offered. Largest stock in Wales. Any quantities for cash. All Welsh books purchased.—**Williams's Old Book Store**, s. Ruthin.

**F**. H. BRADLEY'S Ethical Studies; Macge's Old Glasgow, 1895; Earnes' Poetical Works, edited Grosart.—**D. Wyllie & Son**, Booksellers, Aberdeen.

**A**NY Eversley Series; Macmillan's Poets; English Anthologies (Ward's Poets); Leslie Stephen; W. R. Greg's Enigmas of Life; Paul's Men and Letters; Kipling, Stevenson, Birrell, and the like.—**X.**, Green Royd, Fulwood, Preston.

[Continued on 3rd page of cover.]



**THE INTERNATIONAL BOOK CIRCULAR.**  
No. 139.

Containing a special article, entitled:  
"SOME CONTEMPORARY FOREIGN  
CHEMISTS."

By Dr. M. O. FORSTER, together with an exact  
bibliography of their publications and a double  
plate of their portraits.—Specimen copies gratis.

**WILLIAMS & NORGATE**, Book Importers,  
14 Henrietta St, Covent Garden, W.C.

**THOMAS THORP**,  
Secondhand Bookseller,  
100 ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W.C.,  
AND 4 BROAD STREET, READING.

**MONTHLY CATALOGUES** from both  
Addresses. Libraries Purchased. Sale  
Commissions executed.

**INFORMATION TO LIBRARIANS  
AND COLLECTORS.**

**TO SELL** (privately) the fine Collection of  
the late Mr. Guffroy on the French Revolution:  
French Books, Revolutionary Papers,  
Placards, Pamphlets on Louis XVI, Marie  
Antoinette, Robespierre, Napoleon, &c. &c.; all  
genuine and scarce; the finest opportunity at  
a very moderate charge.—Write to M. A. H.,  
9 Connaught Street, Hyde Park.

**AUTHORS' MSS.**, Sermons, Plays, Envelopes,  
&c., carefully typed at home (Remington),  
9d. per 1,000 words. Orders promptly executed.  
—M. M. L., 7 Vernon Road, Clapham, S.W.

**TYPEWRITING**.—All kinds. Novels, 9d.  
1,000. Translations.—Miss HANDLY,  
Berkhamsted.

**AUTHORS' MSS.**, Sermons, &c., done privately,  
neatly, accurately, and quickly despatched;  
10d. 1,000 inclusive. Particulars, testimonials,  
on application.—C. P., Ashton Lodge, Teign-  
mouth, S. Devon.

**TYPEWRITING**.—The WEST KENSINGTON  
OFFICES.—Authors' MSS., Translations,  
&c., Legal and General Copying, Circulars, &c.,  
duplicated; usual terms; references; esta-  
blished 12 years.—SIKES & SIKES, 229 Ham-  
mersmith Road, W. (Private Address, 13 Wolverton  
Gardens, Hammersmith.)

**TYPEWRITING**.—Authors' MSS., 10d. per  
1,000, all descriptions; neat, prompt,  
accurate; duplicating a speciality. Shorthand,  
Testimonials.—Mrs. MICHEL, 23 Quarrendon  
Street, Fulham, S.W.

**LONDON LIBRARY,**  
ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, S.W.

Patron—HIS MAJESTY THE KING. President—Rt. Hon. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.  
Vice-Presidents—Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT GOSCHEN; FREDERIC HARRISON, Esq.;  
GEORGE MEREDITH, Esq.; ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, Esq., F.R.S.

Trustees—EARL OF ROSEBURY, K.G.; Right Hon. LORD AVEBURY, F.R.S.;  
Right Hon. Sir M. GRANT DUFF, G.C.S.I.

Committee—Sir Rowland Blomfield, Bart., LL.D., Dr. J. H. Bridges, Horace  
T. Brown, Esq., F.R.S., Prof. Ingram Bywater, Prof. Lewis Campbell, LL.D., Austin  
Dobson, Esq., LL.D., Sydney Gedge, Esq., Sir A. Geikie, F.R.S., Sir R. Giffen, K.C.B.,  
F.R.S., Edmund Gosse, Esq., LL.D., Mrs. J. R. Green, Rev. W. Hunt, M.A., Litt.D.,  
Sir C. P. Ilbert, K.C.S.I., Sir C. M. Kennedy, K.C.M.G., C.B., Sidney Lee, Esq., Litt.D.,  
W. S. Lilly, Esq., Sidney J. Low, Esq., Sir Frank T. Marzials, C.B., Sir F. Pollock,  
Bart., Rev. J. H. Rigg, D.D., H. R. Tedder, Esq., Rev. H. Wace, D.D., Sir Spencer  
Walpole, K.C.B., A. W. Ward, Esq., Litt.D., LL.D.

The Library contains about 220,000 Volumes of Ancient and Modern Litera-  
ture in various Languages. Subscription, £3. 3s. a year, with an entrance fee of  
£1. 1s.; Life Membership, according to age. Fifteen Volumes are allowed to Country  
and Ten to Town Members. Reading-room open from Ten to Half-past Six.

The NEW CATALOGUE (1,626 pp. 4to, 1903) is now ready, price £2. 2s.; to  
members, 25s.

C. T. HAGBERG WRIGHT, LL.D., Secretary and Librarian.

**Surplus LIBRARY BOOKS & NEW REMAINDERS**  
OFFERED AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

The FEBRUARY LIST, NOW READY, contains Popular Works on Sport,  
Travel, Biography, and Fiction.

Sent POST FREE on application to

**MUDIE'S LIBRARY,**  
30-34 New Oxford Street, London.

**NOTICE.**—"THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE"  
is POSTED FREE (52 issues at 3d.) to every ANNUAL SUB-  
SCRIBER in the United Kingdom prepaying 13/6. FOREIGN  
SUBSCRIBERS by a prepayment of 17/6 will secure it being  
sent regularly and Post Free to any address throughout  
the World. Orders may be sent through any Bookseller  
or News-vendor, or direct to the Publisher, 9 East Harding  
Street, E.C.

**GREENING'S POPULAR BOOKS.**

At all Libraries, Bookshops, and Railway Bookstalls.

**THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL**

A Romance of the French Revolution and the Time of King  
George the Third. By the **Baroness ORCZY**. 6s.

**THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL**

*Daily Telegraph* says: "It is something distinctly out of the common, well  
conceived, vividly told, and stirring from start to finish."

*Daily Mail* says: "An excellent historical novel of adventure."

*Morning Leader* says: "The novel is a thoroughly exciting one, and what is  
more, a careful and sincere piece of work. . . . Altogether, this is a book  
to be read with interest. It will drive at least one reviewer to see the play."

**6/- THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL 6/-**

Second Edition now in the Press.

The successful play founded on this exciting and dramatic story  
is now being presented at the NEW THEATRE by  
MISS JULIA NEILSON and Mr. FRED TERRY.

**ASK AT YOUR LIBRARY FOR THE FOLLOWING  
NOVELS. YOU WILL BE WELL PLEASED.**

<b>THE PILGRIMS.</b>	By E. BELAYSE. 6s.
<b>SHARKS.</b>	By GUY THORNE and LEO CUSTANCE. 6s.
<b>WHEN IT WAS DARK.</b>	By GUY THORNE. 6s.
<b>FOR SATAN'S SAKE.</b>	By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL. 6s.
<b>AT SUNRISE.</b>	By HERBERT SPURRILL. 6s.
<b>IN DEEP ABYSS.</b>	By GEORGE ORNET. 6s.
<b>HIS SHARE OF THE WORLD.</b>	By AMY GRIFFIN. 3s. 6d.
<b>WASTED FIRES.</b>	By HUME NISBET. 6s.

**A VAGABOND IN ASIA.** The Record of a  
Tramp off the  
Beaten Track. By EDMUND CANDLEM, Author of "The Unveiling of  
Lhasa." With Map and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

**THE ROYAL STANDARD** of God's  
United  
Kingdom. A Theological Work of decided originality by an anony-  
mous author. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

**THE PRIVILEGE OF MOTHER-  
HOOD.** A Popular Treatise. By LUCIE SIMPSON. Crown 8vo,  
cloth, 2s. 6d.

*Spectator* says: "This little book is full of good sense."  
*Daily Telegraph*.—"It is a book which should be put into the hands of all  
thoughtful girls."

Complete Catalogue post free on application.

London: GREENING & CO., 18 & 20 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road.

**PUBLISHERS' MEDIUMS****THE PALL MALL GAZETTE**

10, 12, 14, and 16 Pages Daily.  
THE EVENING PAPER OF THE EDUCATED MAN  
AND HIS FAMILY.

Famous for its brilliant Reviews of current  
Literature, and without doubt the best  
Evening Paper in the Kingdom for Pub-  
lishers' Announcements.

Special Columns for New Books.  
Next to Literary Matter every Day.

OFFICES: NEWTON ST., HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

**NEWCASTLE DAILY JOURNAL**  
Established 1832.

The Conservative Newspaper for the  
Counties of Northumberland, Durham,  
Cumberland, and Berwickshire.

**SPECIAL REVIEW DAY—  
SATURDAYS.**

London Office (special wire), 109 Fleet Street, E.C.

**THE SPHERE**

6d. Weekly.

A Literary Letter by C. K. S  
appears each Week.

Also List of Books Received.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT RATES FOR  
PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Office: Great New Street, E.C.

**EVERY DAY**

IS

**PUBLISHERS' DAY**

IN THE

**WESTMINSTER GAZETTE**

Special literary issue  
on Saturdays.

The Best, Brightest, and most Interesting Paper

**THE DAILY CHRONICLE**

10 or 12 Pages Daily.

POPULAR FEATURES ARE:—

The Reviews of Books and Literary Notes.  
Full Resume of the Principal Musical, Art,  
and Dramatic Events.

Science and Art specially dealt with.  
Full Reports of All Current Events and Special  
Telegrams from Correspondents Everywhere.

Applications for above spaces should  
be made to Messrs. Crossley & Co.,  
57a Coleman Street, London, E.C.  
Special Rates for a Series will be  
quoted.

# CASSELL & COMPANY'S Announcements.

THIRD IMPRESSION ready next week, 12s. net.

## THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LANTERN.

By Sir FREDERICK TREVES,  
Bart., K.C.V.O., C.B., LL.D.

With Photogravure Frontispiece, and 39  
Full-Page Plates from Photographs  
by the author.

"Sir Frederick Treves has achieved  
in his new book a triumph . . . all the  
colour of the Orient is here, all the com-  
pelling beauty; all the quaintness. Sir  
Frederick Treves has opened the street  
door and revealed to us the life within.  
His book has colour, atmosphere, imagi-  
nation, and a charm of language as rare  
in books as Sir Frederick's own genius  
is rare in medicine."—DAILY MAIL.

"As a descriptive story of travel this  
book is delightful. It is full of shrewd  
observation, of broad human kindness,  
of graphic scene painting. . . . Its  
author always sees the salient thing;  
he always tells us the salient thing in  
. . . this charming and valuable book."

STANDARD.

## Three New Novels.

### THE ONE WHO SAW.

By HEADON HILL,  
Author of "The Duke Decides," &c.  
8s. (Ready Feb. 17)

### THE ADVENTURES OF AN EQUERRY.

From the Memoirs of Mr. Francis  
Lesterne, Equerry to his Grace  
the Great Duke of Marlboro'.  
Set forth by

MORICE GERARD,  
Author of "A Lieutenant of the King," &c.  
8s. (Ready March 3)

### THE GOLDEN POOL:

The Story of a Forgotten Mine. By  
RICHARD AUSTIN FREEMAN.  
6s. (Ready March 17)

"One of the most extraordinary pub-  
lications in connection with the Don  
Quixote Tercentenary is this popular  
edition of 'THE DONÉ DON QUIXOTE.'  
The first part is an astonishing six-  
pennyworth, and is one of the best  
things of its kind that has ever ap-  
peared."—DAILY NEWS.

Part I. now ready, 6d. net, of  
A New Fine Art Edition of  
DON QUIXOTE.

Superbly Illustrated by  
GUSTAVE DORÉ.

MAJOR MARTIN HUME writes: "No  
artist ever succeeded as well as Gustave  
Doré did in reproducing the more  
romantic aspect of Spanish life, with  
the suggestion of weird mystery neces-  
sary for the thorough enjoyment of Don  
Quixote. I trust the fine re-issue will be  
as popular as ever." (Published fortnightly)

CASSELL & CO., Ltd., London, and all Booksellers.

SEE

## "Blackwood's Magazine"

For FEBRUARY for  
NELSON'S YEAR,  
A New Poem

by ALFRED NOYES.

Also

## THE RENASCENCE OF SYCOPHANCY.

THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST.

By O.

- I. Of an Officer's Patrol.
- II. The Naval Sub-Lieutenant's Story.
- III. Port Arthur.

## A STUDY OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

By CHASSEUR.

The Land Campaign to the Passage of the Yalu.

## THE MYSTICS.

By the Author of "John Chilcote, M.P."

## THE MARRIAGE BOND, THE CRISIS IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER.

By IAN MALCOLM, M.P.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.  
Mrs. John Hunter, the Surgeon's Wife.  
TWO SINGERS.

THE RAWHIDE. By STEWART EDWARD WHITE.  
RICHARD HARTLEY, PROSPECTOR.

By DOUGLAS BLACKBURN.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS,  
Edinburgh and London.

## Nineteenth Century

AND AFTER

## FOR FEBRUARY.

RUSSIA'S VIEWS OF HER MISSION. By C. HAGBERG  
WRIGHT.

MORAL TEACHING IN JAPAN. By Baron SUYEMATSU.

JAPAN'S DEBT TO CHINA. By HERBERT A. GILES  
(Professor of Chinese at Cambridge).

THE AWAKENING OF THE TARTARS. By Professor  
A. VAMBERY.

THE BALANCE OF NAVAL POWER. By ARCHIBALD  
S. HURD.

TRAINING THE YOUTH OF ENGLAND. By General  
LORD METHUEN.

COMPULSORY GREEK AS A NATIONAL QUESTION.  
By Professor J. WESTLAKE, K.C.

A WANING GLORY OF ENGLAND: THE MADRIGAL.  
By J. A. FULLER MAITLAND.

THE BISHOPS AND THE REFORMATION SETTLE-  
MENT. By Sir GEORGE ARTHUR, Bart.

THE CHURCH ARMY AND THE RECLAMATION OF  
CRIMINALS. By the Rev. WILSON CARLILE (Founder  
of the Church Army).

THE ECONOMIC SIDE OF ALIEN IMMIGRATION.  
By Major W. EVANS GORDON, M.P.

FROM THE TOLL-BAR OF THE GALATA BRIDGE.  
By the Lady CURRIE.

PARISH SCHOOL DINNERS AND MUSEUMS. By  
JONATHAN HUTCHINSON, F.R.O.S.

HENRY FARRY LIDDO. By D. C. LATHBURY.

LAST MONTH: (1) By Sir WEMYSS REID.  
(2) By WALTER FREWEN LOND.

London: SPOTTISWOODE & CO., LIMITED, 5 New  
Street Square, and 54 Gracechurch Street, E.C.

## MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

VOL. III. READY THIS DAY.

## DIARY AND LETTERS OF MADAME D'ARBLAY

(1778-1840). As edited by her Niece, CHARLOTTE  
BARRETT. With Preface and Notes by AUSTIN DOBSON.  
With Photogravure Portraits and other Sketches. In  
6 Vols. Vol. I., 1778 to June, 1781. Vol. II., 1781-86.  
Vol. III., August, 1786, to June, 1788. 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

## Shakespearean Tragedy.

Lectures on HAMLET, OTHELLO, KING LEAR,  
and MACBETH. By Prof. A. C. BRADLEY, LL.D.,  
Litt.D. 8vo, 10s. net.

Spectator.—"We have no hesitation in putting Pro-  
fessor Bradley's book far above any modern Shake-  
spearean criticism that we know, worthy to rank very  
near the immortal work of Lamb and Coleridge. It is,  
indeed, difficult to praise it in language which shall do  
it justice, and yet seem free from exaggeration. For it is  
more than a study of Shakespeare: it is a unique piece  
of constructive criticism, which from its freshness of  
method and distinction of form deserves to rank as the  
most important exercise in the craft since Matthew  
Arnold's 'Essays in Criticism.'"

POPULAR EDITION NOW READY.

## The Golden Treasury.

Selected from the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in  
the English Language and Arranged with Notes by  
FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE. Revised and Enlarged, Pott  
8vo, 1s. net.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS.—New Series.

Crown 8vo, gilt tops, flat backs, 2s. net each.

Sydney Smith. By GEORGE  
W. E. RUSSELL.

Thomas Moore. By STEPHEN  
GWYNN.

Academy and Literature.—"Mr. Gwynn has added  
considerably to his already very considerable repute by  
this capital little book, in which he does justice to  
his subject and to himself."

## GERTRUDE ATHERTON'S NEW NOVEL.

The Bell in the Fog, and  
other Stories. Crown 8vo, gilt top, 6s.

THE ENGLISH CITIZEN SERIES.  
Colonies and Colonial Fed-  
erations. By E. J. PAYNE. With Map. Crown 8vo,  
3s. 6d.

## A BOOK OF WIT AND HUMOUR. THE WORKS OF ARTHUR CLEMENT HILTON

(Of Marlborough and Cambridge), Author of "The  
Light Green." With 2 Illustrations, together with  
his Life and Letters, by Sir ROBERT EDGUMBE,  
Fcap. 8vo, 5s. net; vellum, gilt top, 12s. 6d. net.

Athenæum.—"This record of a bright, short life was  
well worth making, and Sir Robert Edgcombe has told  
us with modesty and grace just what we wanted to  
know. A parodist, classic at his best, and long since  
promoted to that rank by the dignity of frequent  
misquotation."

Speaker.—"Will be welcome."

Spectator.—"We have always had a special affection  
for the irrepressible audacity of 'The May Exam.' . . .  
We have nothing but congratulations to offer Sir  
Robert Edgcombe on his pious act of homage to the  
memory of his friend and contemporary, A. C. Hilton.  
To a collection of Hilton's Cambridge brilliant *jeux  
d'esprit* he has added a number of other pieces."

Scotsman.—"Sunny collection."  
Daily Chronicle.—"The champagne of parody. . . .  
A born humourist."

Pall Mall Gazette.—"Wit on the wings of metre.  
Highly remarkable, Sir Robert Edgcombe's memoir  
is a model of affectionate and tributary sympathy.  
There are parodies brilliant enough to persuade one  
almost that the same hand wrote the parent and the  
parody. There are things in this delightful little  
book that will live among the best examples of  
English wit."

## THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Illustrated. Price 1s. 4d. Annual Subscription, 16s.

The February Number contains:—

DEATH, THE ANGEL FRIEND. In Memoriam—

G. F. WATTS, R.A. By H. D. RAWNSLEY.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR. By

ANDREW D. WHITE. With Portraits.

SANDY. A Story. By ALICE HIGAN RICE, Author of

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." III. Illus-

trated.

And numerous other Stories and Articles of General

Interest.

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED, London.



# The Academy

## and Literature

No. 1709. Established 1869.

London: 4 February 1905.

Price Threepence.

(Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail matter. Foreign Subscribers, 17s. 6d. a year.)

### Notes

**T**HE news of Maxim Gorky is reassuring. Whether or no General Trepoff said that he should be hanged, it seems probable, according to the latest reports, that he will be released shortly. Meanwhile the world of letters all over Europe has risen in his defence. The movement started, it seems, in Berlin and New York; Paris and London are following suit; and the petitions and agitation in his favour are a new and leading instance of the way in which modern literature and modern men and women of letters are identified with modern life. Maxim Gorky has nothing of the "literary artist" about him. In his thirty-six years there has been no learned seclusion, no academic selfishness. He has been a painter of ikons, a pedlar, a scullery-boy, a gardener, a watchman, a barber's apprentice; he has worked in a lawyer's office and sung in a travelling opera company. Life, not letters, turned him author; and when he wrote, he wrote brutal, hideous things, that few men of letters can read. What chance would such a man have had in the old days, when literature was the amusement of the few? His very name, Maxim the Bitter, is the antithesis of the pet qualities of the man of letters. And yet it is first and foremost the men of letters who have come forward as his champions.

THE publication in "The Times" of the "unique" unfinished novel by Lord Beaconsfield should suffice to burst the Disraeli bubble. It was the work of an old and ailing man; but an old and ailing man who had ever possessed a genuine literary gift could never have produced such chapters as these. Disraeli (there is no concealing the fact) was a vulgar writer. His vulgarity is too clever to be gross, his social experience too great to leave it unvarnished; but it peeps out not only in his general attitude towards the aristocracy, but in the very form and diction of his sentences. Some faint interest may be roused by the question who Joseph Toplady Falconet was meant for. The name contains the same number of letters as William Ewart Gladstone, and Gladstone, shortly before Disraeli's death, had put "Rock of Ages" into Latin verse: on the other hand, Macaulay, too, came from Clapham Common and had belonged to the Clapham sect. We should prefer to believe that Macaulay was the man, for the publication of these unfinished chapters would be less welcome than ever if they proved Disraeli to have been making "copy" of that kind out of a still living political opponent.

WHAT, we wonder, did Disraeli think of the work himself? And what would he think of its admirers?

Browning's opinion of the Browning Society has been guessed at by the late J. K. S. in the lines on the "*Me* Society down in Cambridge," and by Mr. Max Beerbohm in one of the cartoons he exhibited at the Carfax Gallery last year. The artist might turn his attention to the Dickens Fellowship, which is preparing a meeting in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, on Wednesday next, to celebrate the ninety-third anniversary of Charles Dickens' birth. "This huge organisation" has nearly 7,000 members, and thirty-one branches situated in all parts of the world, and they will all commemorate the anniversary simultaneously. No doubt they will all enjoy a pleasant evening. There will be presidential and vice-presidential addresses; there will be (it appears) personal reminiscences of the novelist; there will be songs and dramatic representations. There should be, or half the fun will be gone, resolutions, minutes, reports of proceedings, and the rest of it. And meanwhile there will be one or two, outside the 7,000, who will read Dickens.

By the death of Arnold Glover, at the early age of thirty-nine, students of English literature have suffered a real loss. In him were combined the characteristic qualities of his two Universities; it was obvious at St. Andrews a year ago, when he paid a visit to his old haunts after many years of absence, that he was by nature akin, in many ways, to the spirit of the place; and he had all that dread of over-statement, all that "painful" desire to be accurate and sure in the laying of foundations, so eminently a mark of Cambridge. A few articles in the Encyclopædia Britannica, an edition of Boswell's "Johnson" and of the "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," a review or two and (in collaboration with A. R. Waller) the Collected Edition of the writings of Hazlitt—these constitute his published work. Only ten days before his death, during a walk round the Great Court of Trinity, he talked of work for many years to come; he was keenly absorbed in the edition of the complete text of Beaumont and Fletcher, on which he was at work for the Cambridge University Press; his stores of knowledge concerning all that belonged to Scots literature had hardly been touched, but he was going to draw upon them; and the minute care he had bestowed upon the politics and literature of the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century in the matter of Hazlitt was to be applied in other directions. *Dis aliter visum.*

News comes from Dublin of a new Juliet, Miss Violet Mervyn, who has a fresh reading of the psychology of Juliet's emotions. A Juliet with ideas would be a

welcome novelty, but the most interesting statement in connection with Miss Mervyn is that she has roused Professor Dowden to enthusiasm. The Juliet who can do that should be worth seeing, and we are glad to hear that the young actress may shortly be seen in London.

THE January number of the best Danish monthly, "Tilskueren," contains an entertaining article on the English language by Otto Jespersen, the well-known authority on phonetics. He asserts, with certain reservations, that the character of a nation may be gauged from the language, and proceeds to show how the English tongue reflects some national idiosyncrasies. "English is a masculine language—there is nothing either childlike or feminine about it. . . . Its merits, as well as its imperfections, are those of a man."

It is to the energetic character of the nation that Jespersen attributes the comparative harshness of spoken English, with its combinations of two or three consonants; these, he argues, require more energy on the part of the speaker to pronounce than is called forth by a softer language, with a preponderance of words ending in vowel sounds. This imparts a quality of virility at the expense of melodiousness, and thus even the shortcomings of English serve to emphasise its inherent manliness.

APPARENTLY ignoring modern British journalese, the author comments on the Englishman's abstention from exaggerated praise and his consequent dislike of superlative terms. "'That isn't half bad,' or 'She is rather good-looking' is often the highest praise that can be extorted from him." In the same way the Englishman vents his disgust in measured language, and where the Frenchman would exclaim "Quelle horreur!" contents himself with a quiet "That's rather a nuisance."

BUT the most striking feature of the English character which Jespersen claims to discover in the language is the love of freedom and impatience of undue restraint. No language is so unfettered by academic rules, none has greater powers of assimilation; provided a word be telling, it will be unhesitatingly accepted, whatever its origin may be. If French be compared to a formal Louis XIV. garden, then our own tongue may be likened to those English parks where all seems left to nature, and where all have leave to wander at will. "The English language would never have become what it is if Englishmen had not for centuries so respected individual liberty, that every man was free to strike out a new path for himself."

In a very literary number of "The Quarterly Review" there are two articles of special interest. One is that of the President of Magdalen College on Matthew Arnold, and the other Miss Sichel's fascinating account of Canon Ainger. Mr. Warren writes with profound and intimate knowledge of Arnold, and gives such a picture as we do not find in any of the various biographical essays that have been published regarding the critic. And this is saying nothing derogatory to the excellent work done by Mr. G. W. E. Russell, Professor Saintsbury, Mr. Paul, Mr. W. H. Dawson, Mr. Arthur Galton, and the others. Mr. Warren gives the following fine description of Arnold in his young days: "He was indeed a singular mixture, a paradox, or rather a bundle of paradoxes, oscillating, vacillating at all times between the worldly and the unworldly. Handsome, athletic, elegant, fashionable, loving (as he said himself) the ways and sports of the 'barbarians,' full of a superficial levity and even flippancy, calculated to shine in society, to adorn

and enjoy it—this was what he appeared on the surface." Mr. Warren insists upon the double nature of Arnold in which the gay and lively were always bubbling up through the grave and severe, so that the world did not quite know "whether to treat him as a mocker or as a mystic, a Socrates or a Scarron."

As long as Canon Ainger lived Charles Lamb did not lack a descendant both in a literary sense and a sort of inherited physical and mental presence. His innocence and delight and wit were re-embodied. To those were joined the devotion and admiration of a spirit kindred in most things—kindred fundamentally in its adherence to the principles of art and conduct of the past, and kindred in a perplexing veil each drew between the man of the world who trifled and punned everlastingly with the externals, and the deep and earnest soul beneath. "Lamb's f-f-fun" covered a tragical impression of both his own personality and the ordinary destiny. The humour that played about all they came in contact with and touched, often enough on the eternal things, yet left an absolute and childlike faith in the lessons of the unseen which the ages had handed down to both. They chose professions which seemed peculiarly unsuitable, and succeeded in them honourably and happily. Lamb's home affections, which are almost unmatched in any record of a man's life, particularly those of men of genius, are found also in Canon Ainger. Lamb used to have a pathetic desire to go and stand under the house where he was born and visit again all the houses that had witnessed his childhood and family life. The feeling is not uncommon, but it is seldom so intense as in Lamb, the "thoughts too deep for tears" came then. It is a comment on the lives and training of the two men to observe the scene that awakens the reflection in Wordsworth. There is also a curious parallel in the case of Thomas Hood, who was a friend of Lamb and was admired so greatly by Ainger. The "old familiar faces" of Lamb has an echo in Hood's

"I remember, I remember  
The house where I was born,"

and Ainger completes the link by his poem to his sister:

"Home is not home where is no kindred face;  
And often, wearied with the jars of day,  
From stranger hearths I sadly turn away  
The story of my childhood's days to trace.

For friends are sweet, but friendship ne'er supplies  
The love of those who link us to our race."  
There is the real spirit of Lamb, the Lamb who wrote  
"Would that thou wert born in my father's dwelling."

MR. DAVID MURRAY, painter, has been elected a Royal Academician, while Mr. David Farquharson, painter, and Mr. Reginald Blomfield, architect, have been elected Associates. At the time of going to press we do not hear that any steps have been taken towards filling the vacancies in the number of the eight engravers.

THE Duke of Westminster is having a commemorative plate placed on No. 8 Victoria Square, Buckingham Palace Road, the house in which Thomas Campbell resided between 1840 and 1843. It was there that the "Life of Mrs. Siddons" was completed; and "The Pilgrim of Glencoe," "Moonlight" and "The Child and Hind" all appeared during the period of his tenancy of the house. Beattie tells many anecdotes of the poet's unbusinesslike methods. His guests often found their meals served in the library, which, famous for its "four scagliola pedestals waiting for their marble busts," and the story of the slipper and the bundle of banknotes which has been repeated recently, shows his absolute



neglect of all ordinary precautions in regard to money matters. He wrote to Beattie from Wiesbaden, asking him to send some money which would be found in the press in his bedroom. After a long and exhaustive search a roll of banknotes, of about £300 in value, was found in the press, it is true, but stuffed into the toe of an old slipper.

WHAT is serendipity? The word might have slept in learned obscurity but for Mr. Wilfrid Meynell. He found it, no doubt, in the works of Horace Walpole, its inventor, and hid it delicately in the pages of "Who's Who." But some one must have found it there and asked for an explanation. "He," says Mr. Meynell, "who picks up abroad just the volume that happens to be missing from the otherwise complete set on his own bookshelves, he it is who knows the joys of serendipity." There are joys, doubtless, for him who picks up just the word that happens to be missing from his own and everyone else's vocabulary; but these joys are transient. "Serendipity" will shortly occur on every page of every daily paper. It is already on a sign over a shop. When Sir Thomas Browne wrote down "meticulous" he must have thrilled with pleasure; so must the writer who first discovered it in his pages. The word is now a common hack.

NOTHING has contributed so much to the "waking-up" of "The Burlington Magazine" as its editorial articles, which combine plain-speaking, sound sense, and scholarship in just and sometimes amusing proportions. In the February number, for instance, the author of an excellent article on "The Prospects of Contemporary Painting" slips in a sentence on the works of "deceased aunts" which proclaims him human at once. There is also an important little note on the Insurance of Works of Art. Mr. Ricketts writes on "Watts at Burlington House," Mr. Lionel Cust (who seems to be the strongest candidate for the Directorship of the National Gallery) on Lucas Cranach, and Mrs. Ady concludes her notes on the Staats-Forbes collection of drawings by Millet.

## Bibliographical

**T**O-DAY (February 4) is the hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Harrison Ainsworth, a novelist who enjoyed considerable popularity in his day, and whose works are still, as I think that free library statistics would go to prove, very widely read. Most of his romances are obtainable to-day in various forms from sixpence to five shillings apiece. Messrs. Routledge's list contains half a dozen "editions"; some complete and some comprising only the more popular of Ainsworth's romances, and Messrs. Gibbings also issued an edition. Judging by the number of reissues during the past fifteen years, "Windsor Castle," which has made five reappearances, is the most popular, while "The Tower of London" and "Jack Sheppard" have each made four. "Old Saint Paul's," which, as I remember, entranced me years ago, is rather low on the list for recent reprints, but it seems obtainable in half a dozen different forms, all of which seem to show that Harrison Ainsworth—whose "Rookwood" was published over seventy years ago—remains a serious competitor of living writers of historical and adventure stories.

The recent addition of a volume on Thomas Moore to the English Men of Letters Series has suggested an inquiry as to the sustained popularity of Moore's writings as shown by the number of reissues. During

the past ten years there have been about a dozen reprints of Moore's works. His complete poems were published in 1895, and again in two forms in 1897, while as recently as 1903 a selection from them was added to the Golden Treasury Series. The "Irish Melodies" were republished in 1897, and a selection from them translated into Irish was issued two years later. "Lalla Rookh" was published in 1901, while when we come to his prose we find three issues of "The Epicurean," 1897, 1899, and 1900, and a new edition of the "Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald" in 1897. In 1899 a volume of anecdotes, &c., from "Moore's Journal" formed the opening volume of a Raconteur Series which was not, I believe, carried further.

The late Mr. William Fraser Rae will no doubt be remembered chiefly for his biography of Sheridan, his other writings on late eighteenth-century men and matters, and his contributions to the elucidation of the Junius mystery. He was also the author of several travel books and works of fiction, as may be seen from the following list of his publications: "Westward by Rail: the New Route to the East" (1870, third edition 1874); "Wilkes, Sheridan, Fox: the Opposition under George the Third" (1873); "Columbia and Canada: Notes on the Great Republic and the new Dominion" (1877); "Newfoundland to Manitoba" (1881); "Facts about Manitoba" (1882); "Miss Bayle's Romance" (1887); "A Modern Brigand" (1888); "Maygrove: a Family History" (1889); "Austrian Health Resorts and the Bitter Waters of Hungary" (1888, second enlarged edition 1889); "An American Duchess: a Pendant to Miss Bayle's Romance" (1891); "The Business of Travel" (1891); "Egypt To-day: the First to the Third Khedive" (1892); "Sheridan, a Biography" (1896); "Sheridan's Plays. Now Printed as he wrote Them" (1902). Mr. Rae also translated Edmond About's "Handbook of Social Economy" (1872); Taine's "Notes on England" (1872); and Sainte-Beuve's "English Portraits" (1875). He also contributed an introduction to the catalogue of the library of the Reform Club (1883 and 1894).

The recent tragic events in Russia, with their early sequel in the wholesale arrest of prominent leaders of liberal thought, will probably stimulate the demand for existing English translations of notable Russian books, and perhaps more especially for those of Maxim Gorky, who was among those arrested. It has been suggested that Gorky's grim writings would never have made a mark among English readers had he elected to write under his own name, Alexei Maximovitch Peshkov, and if the suggestion be true it shows that there is much in a name after all. For the information of readers who wish for some acquaintance with Gorky's writings I give a list of English translations which have been published: "The Orloff Couple and Malva" (1901); "Foma Gordyeeff" (1901); "The Outcasts and Other Stories" (1902); "Three of Them" (1902); "Twenty-six Men and a Girl, &c." (1902).

WALTER JERROLD.

## Balzac's Short Stories

**M**ESSRS. J. M. DENT & Co. have begun the experiment of printing French classics in England, seeking, by means of clear type and presentable volumes, to induce a closer study of the great French masterpieces on this side the Channel, and, on the other, possibly, to rouse a little friendly rivalry with the French in the matter of paper and print.

The volume under consideration ("Contes Choisis,"

by H. de Balzac, "Les Classiques Français," publiés sous la direction de M. Daniel S. O'Connor. Dent, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. net) is devoted to a selection of Balzac's short stories, with a preface by M. Paul Bourget. By a curious oversight it has no list of contents, and we may therefore as well state that the stories included are: "L'Elixir de Longue Vie," "La Messe de l'Athée," "Jésus-Christ en Flandre," "Un Episode sous la Terreur," "Le Réquisitionnaire," "Le Chef-d'œuvre Inconnu," "El Verdugo," "La Grande Bretèche," "Facino Cane," "Un Drame au Bord de la Mer." With this selection there is little cause to quarrel. If "Facino Cane" had been omitted the volume would have been more nearly "pure gold"; it is but a slight sketch, interesting as from Balzac's pen, but of little merit, and it possesses few of the distinctive qualities of the short story. For the rest, the reader has in "La Grande Bretèche," "La Messe de l'Athée," "Le Chef-d'œuvre Inconnu" and the others mentioned, the very best of Balzac's work as a writer of short stories—work unencumbered with the moralisings so often found elsewhere in his longer writings, free from the "catalogue" detail so characteristic of him; work in which no strokes are lost, no digressions permitted, in which the pen moves on swiftly, freely, to the inevitable close.

M. Bourget discusses in his few preparatory pages the *raison d'être* of the short story and Balzac's work as a writer of *nouvelles*. He points out the fact frequently forgotten—that Balzac's short stories are as great supporters of his fame as are his longer novels; and it is a quality rare in literary history. Those rich pearls, to use the phrase of one of Balzac's most acute and discerning critics, that are scattered profusely throughout "La Comédie Humaine," are as clearly evidence of the wealth of his creative power as are "Le Père Goriot" and "La Cousine Bette." Other French masters in this art are not thus doubly endowed. Mérimée, who made the short story something it never was before, who brought it out of the void and gave it form, who wrote "Mateo Falcone," the despair of all who, with an eye towards economy of means, seek to write a short story based upon elements of pity and terror; even he, Prosper Mérimée, could not write a long novel. Why? Is it not due to a failure to recognise that the method and the technique of the short story are far removed from those of the long novel? To sum up a situation in a hundred words, the gift of Poe to France through the magic prose of Baudelaire, needs qualities entirely different from those needed to build up step by step, with here an elaboration of the diamond panes and there a nicely adjusted colouring of the roof, a structure that stands four-square to the winds of heaven, a logical and coherent whole. In a long novel the truest art consists in the selection and arrangement of those many small, unobtrusive facts which show that, under given circumstances, a man will act in such a way and in no other. Life may be *divers et ondoyant*: there is no settled sequence of things; but in a dumb, groping fashion we have discovered that certain causes generally produce certain effects, that as a man sows so does he reap. The novelist, whose aim is not merely to amuse, but who wishes to give a true picture of life, will, therefore, avoid that which is out of the common. Years ago Guy de Maupassant pointed this out in the preface to "Pierre et Jean." From the events of every-day life, desiring only that we should seek to understand what goes on, without any thought of judgment or morality, the novelist should select for presentation series of facts that show his characters working out their settled

destiny. He must cast aside the superfluous, for it is impossible to give in full the facts of even one day only in the history of a man's soul; he must select only those things which seem to tell, which are the hidden causes of what follows; but, even so, he will need a large canvas to let the play of successive or reiterated facts be seen. In the long novel, we repeat, the exceptional must be avoided, or used as sparingly as exceptional things occur in common life; but the exceptional is the very core of the short story. There the main requirement is the presentation of a single, detached episode, an unexpected tragedy, the life of a few moments, a completed thing, in which the forces of terror and pity and sympathy arise and sway and die. Of such stuff are the stories contained in this slight volume. They grip the heart; they are of the very essence of that species of tragedy which Aristotle, in his "Poetics," describes as purifying the affections by pity and terror. Of this same nature is Guy de Maupassant's "Boule de Suif," perhaps the most perfect short story of the most perfect artist in that kind. And the nearest classical examples we can show in English literature are two stories, both from over the Border: Sir Walter Scott's Wandering Willie's Tale in "Redgauntlet," and R. L. Stevenson's "Thrawn Janet." We have succeeded in many forms of literature, but as yet we have not worked this vein with the easy power of our neighbours. Our workmen are sparing of the file; they have yet to learn that the half is greater than the whole. Few English stories can be named that possess that singleness of aim, that reserve of material, that ruthless trimming away of the unnecessary which is needful to produce a sharply-defined and clear result. At the moment only one can be remembered, written of recent years, that fulfils every canon here expressed—Rudyard Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy." An isolated episode that brings us close to the profound depths of life and thought, the suggestion of unsolved problems without the long train of events that illustrate theirs (to us) apparent cause and effect, the flight of a bird across the warm and lighted hall, arousing questions of whence and whither, unique experiences, revelations of the blinding light that come at rare moments: these are the proper substance of the short story.

In lengthened studies of the human heart and in character-analysis we can show the works of Fielding and Richardson and the novels of Jane Austen; but we have failed in the short story primarily because we have not realised that we must go a different way to work, and, secondly, because of a lack in our conception of the art of writing that has had a malign influence upon more than the short story in recent literature: "Whatever the thing we wish to say," writes Maupassant, "there is but one word to express it, but one verb to give it movement, but one adjective to qualify it. We must seek till we find this noun, this verb and this adjective, and never be content with getting very near it, never allow ourselves to play tricks, even happy ones, or have recourse to sleights of language to avoid a difficulty." Needful in all really great work, this rule is vital in the construction of the short story; but, with a few honourable exceptions, care for the written word, among the writers of to-day, as expressive of the thing imagined, is not deemed essential. Not so did Mérimée and Maupassant understand their art; it was with carefully-wrought tools that they fashioned their works: our imitations do not bear the stamp of such whole-hearted devotion.

W.



## Reviews

## THE LIFE OF CERVANTES

By Albert F. Calvert. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

## SPANISH INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH LITERATURE

By Martin Hume. (Eveleigh Nash. 7s. 6d.)

EVERY centenary brings its crop, scanty or abundant, of books, little or big, designed to tell the general reader why the first, third or any other hundredth year since some notable event, is being celebrated. The tercentenary of the publication of the first part of "Don Quixote" could not fail to bring the accustomed following with it. And we have nothing to say against their appearance, if only for the reason, such as it is, that nobody could write worse about Cervantes than some of his professed admirers have written already. Not but that better excuses could be found. When the first part of "Don Quixote" appeared in 1605 Spain took her place among the nations which have produced a great literature. If one were peremptorily called upon to define what constitutes "a great literature" it would be as good an answer as could perhaps be given to say, after modestly confessing the difficulty of giving a definition, that a literature is on the right side of the gulf between great and not great when it has produced at least one man who was not for an age, but for all time; not for a single people, but for all mankind. Now the "Don Quixote" is Spain's patent of nobility in the world of letters. There is much besides which is interesting, but nothing which is not too purely national to have a lasting influence north of the Pyrenees. Without Velasquez there would still be a Spanish school of painting; but it would be that only. There would be a Spanish literature without Cervantes; but then it would have no life outside the Peninsula. He has raised his brethren by excelling them, for, thanks to him, they do belong to the family which has produced one member who ranks with Ariosto, Shakespeare and Molière. The very high names of literature, like the grandees of Spain, have no table of precedence among themselves. Therefore let us proclaim the dignity of Cervantes even unwisely.

Of the two books now immediately before us, Mr. Calvert's "Life" is a little too obviously written for the tercentenary. It will, at any rate, give the unprepared reader much he did not know. The existence of most of the illustrations he reproduces was not justified by intrinsic merit when they first appeared, and to-day they are only something to look at, which serves to prove that "Don Quixote" has, for the space of three hundred years, been one of the books the world does not let die. We confess that we have not subjected his bibliographical lists and quotations of authorities to the minute examination which would justify us in pronouncing on their merits. They would not fail to put the student on the path to better knowledge. Major Martin Hume's "Spanish Influence on English Literature" is more independent and more ambitious. Given originally in the form of University Extension Lectures, his chapters are presented to us as an effort to give "a comparative study of Spanish Literature in special relation to its points of contact with the literature of our own country." Major Hume, in fact, intended to do on a larger scale what M. Brunetière had done for Spanish influence on France in one of those essays which display all the extent of his learning and of his power of analysis and synthesis. To labour the comparison would, of course, be grossly unfair; but even when a lower

standard is taken, Major Hume does not stand the test very well. Errors and omissions are to be excused. We will not make too much of such an amazing passage as this: "'Tartuffe,' for instance, which Colley Cibber turned into 'The Nonjuror' in England, would not have been written as it was unless the author had seen Lope's 'Perro de Hortelana' ('Dog in the Manger'), in which a lady was in love with her secretary, and too proud to marry him, and yet too jealous to let him marry any one else." Major Hume's notes have fallen into some confusion, and he has put "Tartuffe" and "The Nonjuror," where "The Duchess of Malfi" ought to have been. But a slip of this kind tells a tale. Major Hume nowhere distinguishes with precision between two things which are essentially different—a point of contact and an influence. Lope de Vega and John Webster both drew on the "Novelle" of Bandello. They came in contact while borrowing from the Italian, but where was the influence of one on the other? We are afraid that not even confusion in his notes can excuse Mr. Hume for saying that Shakespeare took the subject of "The Taming of the Shrew" from the "Conde Lucanor." Nothing is more certain than that he only adapted a still existing play called "The Taming of a Shrew."

Indeed, Major Hume does not succeed in persuading us that he has attained to any clear conception of what is meant by a literary influence. Mere similarity of matter proves nothing, as we see in the very leading case of Webster and Lope. To demonstrate the influence of one literature on another, it is necessary to prove that the disciple has taken from the master what is essentially "literature"—namely, the form, the method, the construction. The stories are naught, for they are a common fund, and, when stripped of the presentment, they are not very numerous. Men repeat, transmit and reinvent the same raw material for ever. M. Maspero has found the skeleton of Sinbad the Sailor in Ancient Egypt. When we ask what the Spaniard gave us directly of "form, method and construction," the answer must be very little; and that little had no abiding influence. Crashaw went, no doubt, directly to Santa Teresa and Juan de Dios for his model of ecstatic, religious and amatory verse. But this plant struck no root, and we need not regret its loss. When we turn to the two kinds of literature for which Spain did give a model—the unheroic prose story of adventure, and the stage play—a moderate degree of attention to the evidence will soon convince the judicious reader that the abiding action of Spain on England was exercised through France. Of ourselves we took from the "comedia" of the Peninsula nothing of its main merit—the artful construction of the fable, the logical development of the story as each scene arises naturally from its predecessor and leads to its successor. Indeed, we have learnt but little even through the French, for this "sense of the theatre" is precisely what always failed, and continues to fail, us. Our record is very different with the prose story; but what did the Spaniard teach us immediately? Practically nothing. Nash began by adapting the Lazarillo in Jack Wilton, but he soon wandered away into the stock blood and thunder, rape and murder of the Elizabethan tale of adventure. Mabbe's translation of the "Guzman de Alfarache" had no progeny belonging to literature. It was not until Le Sage had taken the Picaro and had translated him into the average sensual man that the novela de

Picaros became a profitable model for Defoe, Fielding or Smollett. France, said Macaulay, has played Aaron to England's Moses. There is a great deal of the function of Aaron in her literary activity, not only in what she has done for the insular genius of England, but for all, and for the "home-keeping genius of Spain" more, and not less, than for others.

#### CHILDHOOD. BOYHOOD. YOUTH. THE INCURSION

Vol. I. of the Complete Works of Count Tolstoy. Translated by Leo Wiener. (J. M. Dent & Co. 3s. 6d.)

#### A LANDED PROPRIETOR. THE COSSACKS. SEVASTOPOL

Vol. II. (3s. 6d.)

WE are extremely glad to welcome the first two volumes of a new translation of Tolstoy's works by Mr. Leo Wiener, Assistant Professor of Slavic Languages at Harvard University. The volumes, at 3s. 6d. each, are extremely cheap and well printed. Mr. Wiener, we note, claims that he is specially competent for the task he has undertaken on the ground that he, a native of Russia, for twenty years has lived in America, and that he is a vegetarian and teetotaler of even longer standing than Tolstoy himself. What a translator puts in his stomach, we may remark, cannot radically affect the knowledge of English idiom that he carries in his head, and it is a little naïve of Mr. Wiener to state: "No liberties are taken with either the language or the expression of the author's diction, which in unconscious artistic moments is sublimely poetical and sonorous. . . ." How to translate into another tongue this "sublimely poetical diction"? "*hic labor, hoc opus est.*" On comparing Mr. Wiener's translation of "Sevastopol" with Mr. Aylmer Maude's version we do not see much difference between them. Mr. Wiener is perhaps a shade more vigorous, but, on the other hand, he uses many slipshod phrases and Americanisms which Mr. Maude has eschewed. Translators are never satisfied with one another's renderings, and with reason, for each language has a spiritual flavour of its own which resides in the native associations of each word. Change the form of the word, and you exchange one spirit for another. But in any case, the more translators of Tolstoy the better. Each new version pushed by its publisher brings Tolstoy home to a fresh and growing circle of readers—that is the main thing.

How many of our readers have read "Sevastopol," perhaps the most vivid and penetrating psychological study of war ever written? "Sevastopol" was written by Tolstoy, himself an eye-witness of the siege in 1854-56, when he was a young and ambitious officer of twenty-seven. The book, which is without any *parti-pris* against war, and which opens and closes with a note of patriotism, is now fifty years old. How many English people know of this classic? A few thousand, at most. Yet the hundred and fifty pages of "Sevastopol" contain the description of everything essential to our realisation of what serious war is; we do not allude here to those little wars where white men, armed with the latest weapons, smash native tribes, or to military promenades such as at Tel-el-Kebir, or fiascos such as the last Turko-Greek war, but to downright serious wars, such as the Franco-German war of 1871, the Russo-Turkish war of 1874, and the present Russian-Japanese war. While the essential feature of serious war, between two determined well-matched combatants, is ever the same, we find the military historians and war correspondents, in their professional descriptions, giving us the shadow and not the substance. So much is it so that we may say that the

many sanguinary wars of the nineteenth century, in which millions of men fell, have produced in creative literature of the first order only Tolstoy's "Sevastopol" and "War and Peace," and perhaps a score of narratives of permanent human interest, such as Sergeant Burgoyne's description of the retreat from Moscow and Von Herbert's "Siege of Plevna." Why is this? The reason doubtless is that an extraordinary genius is required for penetrating into the abnormal states of mind that war induces in men, and, above all, for facing and comprehending the most cruel and sinister truths. As Tolstoy says in "Sevastopol": "The hero of my narrative, whom I love with all the powers of my soul, whom I have endeavoured to reproduce in all his beauty, and who has always been, who is, and always will be, beautiful, is truth."

Now, the able and clever military writers and war correspondents, it may be noted, always dwell at great length on the technical aspects of a battle, giving us picturesque sketches and clear rational abstracts of the material operations, and passing hurriedly in a few sentences over the vortex of human sensations, passions, thoughts, and actual actions of the men who kill or are killed. It has often been remarked that the more a man has seen of serious war the less is he willing to speak of what he has seen. He cannot bring himself to face, but hurries away from his most sinister recollections. And in the works of military writers generally war is presented accordingly as a highly interesting kind of human chess, in which the skill of the opposing player is examined, while that dark bloody background of terrible reality, which General Grant summed up tersely in the phrase "War is hell," is revealed only to the extent of pleasantly titillating the reader's nerves. This kind of literature, though as news of the day or military history it serves its turn and takes its place, is to a piece of great creative art as "Sevastopol" and "War and Peace," what a Bluebook is to life itself—a mere abstraction, useful for certain purposes. To describe war, while veiling its unique essential feature, is a piece of irony as significant as the famous epigram, "Speech is given us to conceal our thoughts." And the majority of readers who are too sensitive to read "Sevastopol," and yet are capable of the feat of sending their sons to war, may, in this fashion, plead their case in a sentence: I do not want to understand what it is I am sending my son to.

What gives "Sevastopol," this absolutely straightforward narrative, its unique place in literature is that its severe sense of moral beauty is relieved both by a quiet tenderness and unspoken passion. There is not a sentimental word in it from the first page to the last. Tolstoy, as we have said, at that time looked on war patriotically, as a necessary and natural, if ugly, phenomenon of man's life. But he carried into the field with him a power of psychological penetration into the "natural man"; into the meaning of instinctive automatic actions of men that betray their feelings and state of soul, a power of penetration which led him to express, with a force unparalleled in the literature of the battlefield, a truth which may be roughly summarised thus: The terrible triviality of the motives and feelings of the living in contrast with the sickening work of suffering and death they are engaged in. Here is the point where Tolstoy's analysis of war in its truth beats right out of the field the work of nearly everybody else on the subject. Nearly every other writer has, consciously or unconsciously, idealised the conduct and behaviour, the secret thoughts and sensations and emotions of the living men on the battlefield, while minimising and screening from our gaze the bloody sweat and agony of the "war



is hell" aspect. But Tolstoy fixes his gaze with so piercing a scrutiny on the attitude of mind and characteristic behaviour of the men and officers engaged in their thousand military duties, their conversation and morale under fire, on fatigue duty, volunteering for the dangerous posts, repairing the bastions, resting, eating, chaffing one another, in the trenches, lying wounded in the hospital, screaming under the surgeon's knife, &c., that the reader feels the shock of conviction that here is the actuality of the life itself, displayed not merely in a narrative of the external events of the siege, but in the most secret sensations in the hearts of the thousands who defended, perished, or survived Sevastopol. It is war in all aspects; nothing is minimised and nothing is exaggerated. And Tolstoy does not dwell unendurably on the horrors of the siege or the sufferings of the wounded. His picture is drawn in fine perspective, and in its true proportions. With the skill that only the great masters display, the atmosphere that steals upon us in his pages is the spiritual emanation arising from the whole conflicting environment of the changing temperamental attitude of masses of men, the healthy, the sick, and the wounded, kept waiting and working under the pressure of a long siege: his picture is an extraordinary vision of the innate forces of the human will of ordinary matter-of-fact men, of the tempering and tension of their human qualities under the strain of enforced but necessary heroism. The conflict between man's physical animalism and his bewildered soul, between his self-sacrifice and self-pity, his masculine pride and his fear of death, his native courage, tenderness for himself and indifference for others, his devotion to duty, and his wearied callousness—all is shown in a series of sketches so apparently simple that the artist's subtle selection of his types is lost sight of by us in the cumulative effect of the staggering whole. It is so simple in its details, "Sevastopol," yet it reveals all the immense complexity of life. Tolstoy was able to get all these effects, we repeat—effects which nearly all other writers on war did not in fact consciously realise, and so were unable to reproduce in their pages—by the extraordinary richness of his consciousness in the heat of the very circumstances that tend to confuse a man's perceptions. If his observation of life is not closer, or, indeed, so exquisitely subtle as the observation of certain other artists, his perceptions flow in a deeper, fuller stream than theirs, and embrace a greater area in human feeling than any modern writer's. His analysis of the different species of courage possessed by men—e.g. the brilliant bravery that springs from vanity, the courage of "wooden nerves," the courage that springs from ignorance, the frantic courage that is the violent reaction of fear, and his analysis of the breaking-point of these various species—as shown in his description of the conduct of his characters Kalúgin, Mikháylov, Pest, Volódya, &c.—is closer in its observation of human nature than any similar analysis in literature. All is so simple and all is so true.

We have ventured to direct the reader's attention specially to "Sevastopol," because the book is a remarkable example of Tolstoy's art, of his method of bringing home to us what life is—an artistic method that he developed later, but never surpassed, in the creation of his great novels, "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenin." In testing the work of every artist the first question we ask is does he enrich our consciousness of life, and, if so, in what direction does he enrich it? And examining Tolstoy's life-work, we are forced to conclude that he has extended our consciousness of life in mental planes into which his contemporaries have scarcely pene-

trated. Just as in his analysis of war he has put into clear and definite form certain confused perceptions which have been floating long in confused nebulous shape before the modern mind, so in his analysis of the hypnotic influence that social conventions exercise on the mind of the individual (see especially "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch" and "Resurrection") he has drawn the distinction with more clearness and force than any other great writer of our age between what society actually feels and what it *thinks* it is feeling. The whole difference between the propagation of false and true morality, and so the whole direction of our ideals in life, depends on our understanding of this distinction, which lies at the root of Tolstoy's piercing examination of the appearances of life. We have not space here to discuss the bearings of the vast question by which Tolstoy, as marking the advance in self-consciousness of the modern mind, has determined his place in European literature, but the subject may be recurred to with advantage later.

#### TIBET AND NEPAL

Painted and Described by A. Henry Savage Landor.  
(Black. 20s. net.)

As the reviewer of this odd, unsatisfactory and fascinating essay put by the book and reached for his pen, he found himself repeating the old Tuscan proverb: *Inglese italianato è il diavolo incarnato*. This strange, impressive little adventurer, who goes on a second expedition to Tibet in an "every-day" costume, comprising (a) a pair of hideous ankle-boots, (b) a straw hat and (c) a whangee cane, is certainly the devil incarnate.

Why did he do it? One remembers his return to civilisation from his first unfortunate excursion into the same regions; the horrible illustrations of his tortures in a daily paper; and the loud expressions of incredulity from scientific critics who lacked nothing wherewith to annihilate him but a knowledge of the country. It seems probable that what really moved him to make another attempt was the sarcasm heaped on his mountaineering records. How! An altitude of 20,000 and more feet taken by aneroids! protested the members of the Alpine Club. The heights of Himalaya scaled by a man without an alpenstock! Such sneers must have been hardly borne by our unorthodox mountaineer, who straightway resolved—one imagines—to do the whole thing over again, and take his records with the hypsometrical apparatus.

Let it be said at once that no doubts will be set at rest. The delicate question will still arise in some minds: Is Mr. Landor a Bruce or a Psalmanasar? In brief, is he speaking the truth or lying? The present writer can only say that, for his part, he believes his author to be sincere and correct, and one of the pluckiest, truest-hearted and most enterprising men in the world to boot. To this encomium might be added, one of the cleverest, too, for the drawings in colour and black-and-white display a very acute artistic sense and an exquisite perception of the beauty and grandeur of mountain scenery.

The book itself is no more than an essay, as we have already hinted. The journey into Tibet turns out to have been a very small affair; the course it took one can barely follow, but there was certainly no penetrating into the interior, and the reader is left wondering what mysterious reason the explorer had for departing so suddenly from the Forbidden Land. Nor does Nepal fare much better in the book, which resolves itself into a description of a short expedition among the peaks and glaciers about the Tinker River and Lumpa Mountain.

Nevertheless there are many interesting observations on Tibetans, Lhokas and Gurkhas, and an excellent, simple narrative of dangers and hardships encountered, the whole being very truthfully infused with a peculiar sense of repellent discomfort, arising from impressions of chilly, wind-swept heights and grassless tablelands where unwashed tribes roam in a state but little removed from the misery of the fireless days before Prometheus. This is the unromantic end to centuries of wondering! Now that we have drawn the veil from its penetralia we find Tibet, alas! to be not so much the Forbidden as the Forbidding Land.

#### A COMPANION TO GREEK STUDIES

Edited for the Syndics of the University Press, by Leonard Whibley. (Cambridge: University Press.)

WHILE the position of Greek in a liberal education is declared to be doomed by correspondents to the daily press, the study of Greek life and thought has never been in a more flourishing state. New discoveries on Greek soil, whether of civilisations hitherto unknown, as in Crete, or at the centres of Greek life, as at Delphi or Athens; or merely of isolated works of art and of occasional inscriptions, have, during the last decades, caused many changes in our knowledge and have even stimulated popular interest in the work of scholars. The application of the comparative method to the interpretation of custom and myth has resulted in a complete revolution in our ideas of Greek religion, and in this direction also the renewed activity of scholars has awakened the interests of a widening circle. Even in literature and art—the more permanent and valuable relics of Greek civilisation—there are not a few signs that the world is with the scholars. The exhibition of Greek sculpture at the Burlington Fine Arts Club has been followed by the performance on the stage of a London theatre of Greek plays translated by an accomplished poet; and while photography has brought the masterpieces of Greek sculpture into thousands of English homes, the influence of Greek art has penetrated in an even more effective way through the works of the great painter which are hanging at this day on the walls of the Academy.

The University of Cambridge has seized this moment of general interest to call forth a work which aims at being a general encyclopædia of Greek life. Under the editorship of Mr. Leonard Whibley the great classical scholars of Cambridge have joined their forces, and their combined efforts have produced a "Companion to Greek Studies," which deals with every branch of Greek activity from the philosophy of the Greeks to their cookery, and with every circumstance of their daily life, from the physical features of their country to the materials of their books. Each subject is dealt with, after the modern fashion, by a separate writer, and so rich is the University and so capable the editorship, that there is no branch which has not been placed in the hands of an expert. Only in two cases is the aid of the sister University called in. War and Geography are treated by Professor Oman and Mr. Tozer, but for the rest the scholars of Cambridge suffice; and with Professor Jebb dealing with Greek Literature, Professor Gardner with Greek Religion, Professor Sandys with the History of Greek Scholarship and the editor with Greek Constitutions, the reader may be satisfied that he is in good hands.

But it is no easy task to compress the life of a nation into a single volume. Matters of great importance and the merest trifles must both be included in a work of

reference which makes any claims to completeness; and, if space is to be considered, they are the more important and the best-known subjects which suffer. If Literature or Art, for instance, were given anything of the same detailed treatment that is accorded to Dress or to Medicine, they would require a volume to themselves almost as large as this whole book. As it is, we find that Æschylus occupies much the same space as the construction of a trireme; and while what is said of the latter is useful and not elsewhere easily accessible, the remarks upon the former are necessarily general and trite. The dates of, and facts known about, obscure authors and artists which correspond roughly to the minuter points of archaeological or constitutional detail in regard to their place in our knowledge, must also, if space is needed, be omitted. But the disproportion of the parts is not the only fault of such a compilation. The dogmatic tone, which is a necessary evil of scanty treatment, implies an air of finality which it would be hard to substantiate. There are matters discussed on every page which scholars know to be doubtful; but, with the notable exception of Dr. Jackson and Professor Gardner, there are few contributors who confess that the views they adopt are combated. And yet if even so slight a change in the authorship were made as a transposition of some of the writers, if Dr. Verrall had written, for example, on the Greek Theatre, or Miss Harrison on Greek Sculpture, there would have been not a few statements equally authoritative but very different in character from those now found in the book. Indeed, as it is, discrepancies do not fail to make themselves felt, and the very revival of Greek study which has caused the book to be written has had an injurious effect upon its unity. In connection especially with the recent discoveries of the primitive civilisations does the treatment of different writers disagree. This is not the place to discuss the pious opinion of Professor Waldstein that the centre of the "Mycenæan" civilisation was Argolis, but it is noticeable that while in his account of the position of Greek women Mr. Cornish ignores the evidence of the honour in which they were held in "Minoan" days afforded by the plans of palaces and the remains of mural paintings, Lady Evans, in the very next article, devotes considerable space to the dress of women of that period as we know it from the discoveries of her distinguished son.

Apart from these defects, the book is too large and its subjects and contributors too many for any general criticism to be passed upon it. The larger articles are always lucid and decisive, and there are passages in some of them which are even masterly in their handling of difficult questions. Probably few who will use the book will realise the amount of reading that is required for the manufacture of a single sentence, how much evidence has to be weighed before a "not" is inserted or omitted. In other cases the question arises whether certain remarks or omissions are due to a failure to keep abreast of modern discoveries or to a conviction that these discoveries are mistaken or unimportant. But these are matters of detail which need not trouble the ordinary reader, and the smaller subjects are always full of useful information. These will alone satisfy the more advanced student and will protect the book from the charge of being a mere collection of material compiled for examination purposes. But even in them the lack of references is a serious drawback which is scarcely compensated for by the inclusion of several excellent maps and illustrations, though these will certainly render the book more attractive to the unprofessional



student. To them the volume may be confidently recommended, for, if it is too dry to appeal to the imagination as a picture of Greek life, as a companion to the reading of Greek authors, a handbook for reference about Greek things, the book is convenient, well arranged and, in all essentials, trustworthy.

#### SOCIOLOGICAL PAPERS

Published for the Sociological Society, by Messrs. Macmillan. (10s. 6d.)

THE birth of the Sociological Society was heralded with welcome in THE ACADEMY when yet the plans were inchoate and of small promise. To-day we may acclaim these first-fruits of a Society which has removed a reproach too long and lightly borne by the serious folk of this land. The present volume, the first of its kind ever published here, contains not only papers embodying the new and most important conceptions of such Britons as Mr. Francis Galton and Professor Geddes, but includes an important paper by Dr. Westermarck, and a number of opinions on various topics which have been collected from many eminent Continental thinkers.

It would be absurd to attempt to write a review of a book which contains at least three sentences that might serve as texts for a volume, on topics almost new to literature. Mr. Francis Galton's conception of "Eugenics," for instance, can hardly be dismissed in a review-article, even by one who is fortunate enough to own that distinguished biologist as a friend. Here we will only say that Mr. Galton purposes to utilise the principle of natural selection discovered by his cousin, Charles Darwin, in such a manner as to ensure that the best of each generation shall contribute more than their share to the next: and thus without any injury to marriage or that great force which, as everyone knows, "makes the world go round." Now that the University of London has accepted Mr. Galton's gift of £1,500, and has chosen the first Research Fellow in National Eugenics, we may shortly be able to discuss some new aspects of a question which, as the reader will remember, is at least as old as Plato.

In these columns it is more fitting to discuss, at any rate in the first place, the more academic questions involved in the concept of sociology: only thereafter should we consider concrete sociological propositions. As it happens, not the least valuable part of this volume, the publication of which so definitely marks an era in the recognition of scientific thought in this country, is concerned with this very question—What do we mean by sociology? Let us adopt neither the definition given it by the University of London, the first in this country to recognise the existence of this study, nor any of those given by the foreign philosophers who have contributed; but let us rather observe a few definitions which may be condemned as too narrow.

Sociology, as the present writer understands it, is the end and crown and, in the practical sense, the synthesis of all the sciences. It is more than the comparative study of social institutions. It deals with man as a social animal, and with all his products as such. Human history, well conceived, is a province of it, being none other than a continuous series of sociological experiments. Everything that affects the mutual relations of men is subject matter for sociology: the existence of magazines, for instance, is a sociological fact of great significance.

Like every science, this starts with an assumption—an assumption upon which all wise men act implicitly, but to which many will decline to give explicit expression. It is that man and his ways lie within the realm of law.

Where there is no law there can be no science; and if man and his ways be not subject to law, then, whilst they offer an inexhaustible theme for the poet, the dramatist, and, indeed, the artist in all his forms, they do not interest the man of science as such.

Now the conception of law in human doings is slowly coming into its own; but it will more rapidly conquer when it is instilled into our youth: and the writer is desirous of aiding this process. It is not proposed that this volume be given as a school prize, or that children be rudely assured that the idea of a vacillating and shortsighted but potent Providence is untenable. But we urge the Sociological Society to make war without quarter against the teaching of history as it is now understood. Our children spend many hours of their young lives in the study of history which is simply "past sociology." Imagination is barely equal to the task of conceiving the transmutation of the average newspaper "leader," say on a Sunday massacre, which would be wrought a quarter of a century hence, if a scientific (or, if you like, a philosophic) idea of history could now enter our schools. Such leading ideas, for instance, as the inalienable alliance between autocracy and militarism, between militarism and the degradation of women: such generalisations as Buckle's, that there is no instance in history of the unabused possession of unlimited power by any class—these are perfectly intelligible to any schoolboy: they are of the gravest importance; they are universally admitted to be true: yet which of us was taught them at school? and which of us would not have learnt his history better, and be a wiser man now, had he early guessed that the history of man's past is not, at bottom, a record of battles and matrimonial alliances between Royal persons whom the modern publicist would briefly record as integers in a column headed "illiterates"? The Sociological Society must destroy this notion of history: must make it impossible for any boy again to be able to say, as one can, that he spent hours in memorising a long series of headings and dates which began or ended with the year 1649, yet never read a chapter or heard a lesson on the history of the idea that kings reign by Divine right, still less was guided to that page whereon Carlyle asserts that kings, like other folk, have but "the Divine right to be kingly men."

We set out soberly to review a pioneer volume which would repay a month's perusal and the thought of half a lifetime: but we have been led to make a suggestion which we earnestly commend to the Society for its propaganda. In all reforms we are told we must begin with the children: the teaching of history offers an easy means for so doing in the present need, which is the inculcation of the Scientific Idea into all thinking upon human affairs.

### Some Comparisons in Poets

THE three great poets who lived into the late Victorian era show very few affinities in the general trend of their work and life. In this respect they are curiously different from the men who preceded them in the poetic world. Coleridge and Wordsworth, however separated in methods of poetry, shared much of each other's thought and aspirations, and linked with them were Southey and Lamb. They all stood together looking out on life. Individuality and genius made each leave an impress that seemed entirely unrelated, but they were the children of one family. Life rested on certain sure foundations; in conduct sifted

and tried by the ages; in a religion hardly orthodox, yet in its main features piously accepted; republican yet conservative, and only lightly touched by our later fever of doubts and misgivings. They were brothers, and in shorter poems, where the higher genius of each in its particularised revelation was less obvious, there may be traced an identity of impression and ideal. Take their two contemporaries, Shelley and Keats, and a spiritual union is again apparent. Though neither influenced the other, their minds are wonderfully alike, sensitive and morbid, but while Keats's passionate worship of beauty is as intense as Shelley's, he adds to it that common sense which he denounced. Shelley's visions were already floating away while his hands grasped them, and there was no trace in Keats of Shelley's proselytising enthusiasm on behalf of moral excellence. Byron and Burns could be cited if further example were necessary of that contagious brotherhood of genius and spirit which seemed to pass away with the death of those earlier singers. Tennyson is the embodiment of the solitary, self-sufficing artist. Coleridge leant on Wordsworth, Wordsworth leant on Coleridge; both took the judgment and amendments, as did Southey, of Charles Lamb. Tennyson, indifferent as one of his own gods watching the petty race of men, dreamt his poetry, carved out his art, struggled with the thoughts that the age provoked, and melted them into his poetry, alone. Shakespeare we can imagine laughingly accepting the corrections of some of the choice spirits at the Mermaid on the emendation of some fellow-actor, but it is difficult to conceive of Tennyson relying in the management of his art on any of his contemporaries. He never felt the lack of those brotherly literary men at the Lakes. It is probable that as only poets are supposed to have the greatest devotion to Spenser, so the sincerest and most painstaking of literary artists, who have been ground themselves under the heel of a wily and heartrending perfection, will always be the truest appreciators of the art of art in Tennyson. Browning next, moralist, preacher, poet, presents the contrast to Tennyson's artistic conscience. They were both students, both poets, but Tennyson was given at birth that mystic solitary self which Browning probably never felt move in him. Tennyson partook of the retiring character of Spenser; Browning, on the other hand, has an affinity to the more boisterous and workaday spirits of the Renaissance. He found that the world and its ways have a certain worth; and a healthy equable temperament deprived him of any glamour of poetic mystery. His strenuous and wild originality expressed itself in his work, but the artist is continually succumbing to the "hail fellow well met" atmosphere of the colloquial world he loved. It is probable that the exalted and remote quality of Tennyson's workmanship was the result of his severance from the market-place in every sense of the term. Holding himself apart, regarding himself highly, he had never exchanged one piece of his gold for a million of those pleasant social coins, which, however bartered, always take the edge off the clear fineness of the cherished ideals. Browning's work betrays no lineage and it will have no descendants, for it was less the outcome of carefully conceived art than the complete expression of an unmatched personality. The distinction does not lie in the greatness of the poetry, but in the isolation of his methods. They were the outcome surely of some strange family inheritance. Richard Jefferies does not belong to the elect of literature in one sense, but he possessed what none could imitate. Those who would imitate a Browning or Jefferies only succeed as far as those who, deprived of a sense, have it conveyed to them by

mechanical means—as in the speech the dumb learn. We come now to the third of our poets, Matthew Arnold, who, with eyes "estranged and sad," watched the procession of life. He is like one in his favourite Alpine valleys, lured upwards to the cold untrodden peaks and thin air. He, almost more than the other two, stands forth from his kind, consciously detached, and with a fixed purpose to break the chains of habit and sloth which bound so many minds of his England. His face looks out from the canvas, melancholy, kind, almost hopeless. There is no poetry, no prose, which has reflected more accurately the strange features of modern thought and pessimism. Either the purity and sternness of the art or a certain serene physical quality in the man has preserved it from the morbid or hallucinating airs that wander over the page of modern poetry. Alone and fighting his way, he is yet visited by some gentle and pacifying spirit. The purpose is not clear; no sun has ever yet dispelled all the clouds, but when a little comes the warrior must keep the reflection on his earnestly burnished shield and thrust it into the fight. Toiling and living equally with men, Arnold's poetry shows always the painful winding path the spirit goes.

"In mazes of heat and sound  
For rest his soul was yearning,  
And now peace laps him round."

## Short Notices

### A LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

By W. J. Rolfe. (Duckworth, 10s. 6d. net.)

WHEN the vicissitudes of manuscripts are written as an additional chapter to the "Curiosities of Literature," the story of this Life will be told; how, when completed, it mysteriously disappeared and its writer was "compelled to undertake the depressing task of rewriting it"—compelled, we suppose, because it was needed as an accompaniment to the New Century Shakespeare with which it was first issued; but for its publication now as a separate volume we can discover no adequate reason. Of lives of Shakespeare we have more than a sufficiency, and the only excuses adequate for an addition to their number would be either new facts or new and reasonable views, neither of which does Dr. Rolfe supply. This heavy volume of over five hundred pages is a laboured compilation: old views and new views are quoted at length and sometimes criticised, but nothing is given us here which has not been better presented elsewhere. The known facts of Shakespeare's life might be written down on "a half-sheet of note-paper," or might, with useful illustrations, be extended to a reasonable volume; but Dr. Rolfe persistently follows the old and bad habit of eking out a few facts with a vast deal of theorising. Such statements as these are typical: "John Shakespeare, like his fellows in the town council, appears to have been a lover of the drama"; and of William, "Whatever he may have learned at the Stratford school, we may be quite certain that it was all the regular schooling he ever had." Is there any good evidence for either of these flat statements? They may be true, they may not. Nor in actual matters of fact is Dr. Rolfe as accurate as he should be.

On many points we should like to break a lance with our author, but will be content to select one, in which—although in good company—he errs, as we hold. It is customary—and Dr. Rolfe seldom departs from custom—to credit to Shakespeare's Stratford days almost all his wonderful love and knowledge of nature and her ways. Had he been born and bred a Londoner, being



possessed of such extraordinary assimilative powers, he would probably have written as intimately as he has done of flowers and fields, of birds and beasts. It sounds almost silly to note the fact, but it is usually forgotten that the London of his day was what we should now call a country town. From almost any point within the city walls a walk of a quarter of an hour would then have brought one out on to the country-side. Gerard, the herbalist, is proof sufficient that London town was then a very happy home even for a botanist! We do not wish here to argue this point at length, but it is worth while noting, for it is of the same class, though not so hurtful, as the endeavours to prove that because of his apparently first-hand knowledge Shakespeare was "tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor" and so on. Shakespeare and his brother dramatists were keen, open-eyed men, who knew life and enjoyed it to the full, and he does not stand above them in his knowledge of country and town life, or of this trade or that profession.

To return to Dr. Rolfe's book, we must register a protest against the multiplication of lives of Shakespeare. If Mr. Sidney Lee would cut down his admirable work by leaving out his theorising on the Sonnets and some other matters, we should have a Life which would stand and suffice until new facts be forthcoming. But for such books as Dr. Rolfe's there is no room on our already overcrowded shelves. To whom they make appeal we cannot imagine; to the expert they are simply irritating; to the inexpert not only confusing, but apt to be disheartening. This may seem a hard saying, but it is high time that protest be made by lovers of Shakespeare against the master's works being made the prey of theorymongers. Scholarly attempts to elucidate the text of the plays or to discover new facts regarding the playwright or his times we all encourage and applaud—beyond that the rest might well be silence for many a year to come. But when we are given such a work as this, where the vaporous theories of critics are gathered together and quoted at length, the result is appalling.

#### THE WOMAN STEALERS

By J. H. Knight-Adkin. (Isbister, 3s. 6d.)

THESE stories have at least the attraction of the unusual and the unknown; they are the outcome of gleanings of prehistoric times, a lively imagination and a power of entering completely into the spirit of the life described. The scenes, strange and foreign as they are to the novel-reader's mind, are so consistent, so isolated, as it were, from modern influence or suggestion, that they appear natural and possible pictures of life among the "Lake-dwellers" and Earth-dwellers. They are far from being dainty tales; they deal with violence, feuds and war of man and beast, but they have a distinct interest of their own, because and almost in spite of themselves. To come across one of them occasionally in a magazine would be a piquant change from the conventional story: to read half a dozen in succession is to experience a surfeit of struggle and bloodshed.

#### RED HUNTERS AND THE ANIMAL PEOPLE

By Charles A. Eastman (Ohiyesa). (Harper, 6s.)

THE author says, "The scene of the stories is laid in the great North-West, the ancient home of the Dakota or Sioux nation, my people, and they are based upon the common experiences and observations of the Red hunters—even those incidents which are unusual, and might appear incredible to the white man, are actually current among the Sioux and deemed worthy of belief." The result is one of the most original and delightful books about animal life that have appeared for a long time,

full of interest and information not to be found in text-books. Few sketches of the kind could be more charming than that of Wechah, the racoon, and his young Indian mistress, or more interesting than "The River People," or, again, "The Mustering of the Herds"; but it is difficult to make a choice where all have distinct claims to recognition. Each in its turn will be appreciated by lovers of animals, and to young people will prove a mine of information and amusement. The book is simply and pleasantly written, with no affectation or mannerism; but the frequent use of the word "dove" for *dived* strikes oddly upon English ears, though the author has Longfellow's sanction for it in "Dove as if he were a beaver."

## Fiction

#### THE APPLE OF EDEN

By E. Temple Thurston. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.) This is the story of a great temptation, of a man's struggle with it and of his ultimate victory. The man is an Irish Catholic priest, and his struggle is to keep the vow of celibacy he made without understanding what it means. He has grown to adolescence first in a remote farmhouse and then in a seminary, and when he is a man in years he knows as little of the world as a child. The book opens with a scene in the village confessional. The priest hears a young man's story of seduction, and he counsels the penitent either to marry the girl or never to see her again. It is on Father Michael's agitation, as the young man speaks of the girl's beauty, that the reader's attention is fixed, for the priest is a student waking suddenly in fear and trembling to the facts of life. Mr. Thurston writes of these facts with a plainness that will give offence to some: to those who think a novel should not deal with questions of sex because it necessarily reaches minds unfit for such discussions; and also to those Catholics who will shrink from the picture of a priest disloyal to his vows. Yet "The Apple of Eden" leaves a stronger impression of spiritual charm than of physical coarseness, and the author succeeds—as the author of that great novel "Ekkehardt" succeeded—in invoking your sympathy with the priest, both in his struggle with temptation and in his horror-stricken repentance. If you are a Protestant you may read a novel that makes a great to-do about a monk and feel at the end of it that any woman might have married him as cheerfully as if he had been a solicitor. But then the author has failed in the main purpose of his story, which was to rouse in all his readers some understanding of the tremendous issues involved for the man concerned, some sympathy with the commotion raised in his soul, some belief beyond all differences of creed in the binding force on mankind of solemn vows. Mr. Thurston has not failed, and this is due partly to his fine portrait of the erring priest, but also to his companion portrait of Father Connelly, the curate's superior and friend, and the most delightful character in the story. His breezy, kindly common-sense appreciates the younger man's subtler nature, forgives him his sins and helps him to save himself at the end. The two priests are the book. The other characters are subsidiary. For a long time even Roona, the girl with whom Father Michael falls so passionately in love, only comes in like a shadow. Why did Mr. Thurston blot her past with an unconvincing story of seduction? She is the girl of whom the young man spoke in the first chapter. After a long delay she becomes his unwilling wife, and soon after her marriage she is ready to leave her husband for a priest of her Church. It is Father Michael who ordains that he and she shall part. But in the scenes where she meets and learns to love him she never for a moment behaves like a girl with a questionable history, and we do not believe that she had one. We should like to know who took her to the theatre and walked with her in Regent Street. If it was her future husband, it is odd that Father Michael, who recognises his former penitent in a later chapter, did not recognise him then. The pictures of Irish country life are drawn with knowledge

and are interesting. But the triumph of the book is Father Connelly.

### THE SYSTEM

By Percy White. (Methuen, 6s.) The novel is deeply interesting and—as Mr. White's work invariably is—excessively clever. It tells of the struggle of an idealist, Carey Butler, to free himself from the trammels of his worldly surroundings and achieve the development of his own personality. "If civilisation had been founded on perfectly rational principles Carey would have felt more at home in it. To this goal of Pure Reason he imagined human society was moving: his chief mistake was a desire to help it there a little too fast." He has different schemes for the reformation of the world, in all of which he apparently fails. At first he joins with a radical reformer named Rugg; then he edits a newspaper to reform the Press and is put in prison, after a Hyde Park demonstration; lastly, he starts a school on the basis of rational thought, the system from which the book obtains its name. But Carey Butler is not convincing: he does not live as do the other characters. We hear about him, we obtain glimpses of him, of which none is more vivid than when we see him pedalling on his bicycle against a high wind, and the conflict is pointed out as typical: "The wind was always against the dear fellow, and always must be, however nearly he might tie up the weathercock." But we do not get the man himself as entirely as we should like. And for this there seem two reasons. Mr. White does not appear to write of him with sufficient gusto; and it is almost impossible to write dispassionately of an enthusiast without making him merely a crank. Secondly, Butler's methods of reforming the world do not seem to be those which would be employed in the present day, when there is outlet for unregulated enthusiasm and an idealist is no longer an ineffectual solecism. The modern spirit breathes through the book, but the hero's difficulties and aims are not modern; and so we lose sympathy with him. Indeed, the incident of the radical reformer Rugg, who is nearly ducked in the horse trough by the Bonfire Boys, seems to belong to the middle of last century; yet, soon after, we read of electric broughams and steam yachts. This lack of conviction in Carey Butler is accentuated by the striking excellence of the minor characters, especially Morrison, the favourite pupil, and Needham, the pushing young journalist, whom it is not possible to praise too highly. The novel should be read because it stimulates, and stimulating novels are rare.

### AN ACT IN A BACKWATER

By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann, 6s.) No one knows how to strike the note of gentle flippancy more dexterously than Mr. Benson; and the opening chapters of the book led us to expect what is sometimes called "a treat" of this kind. The aristocratic Avesham family move into the cathedral town of Wroxton, causing an amusing flutter. Jack Collingwood, the Canon's artistic son, arrives at the right moment "to see a finished picture—just a girl standing on the bridge, keeping off a wet puppy with her parasol." The girl, of course, is Jeannie Avesham. He paints and sends the picture to the Wroxton Art Exhibition; from this gossip arises, which is in the end justified by the marriage of Jack and Jeannie. All this has the makings of a capital light comedy, which no one could have done better than Mr. Benson. But for some obscure reason he has seen fit to introduce episodes entirely out of all harmony that ruin his effect. They give the impression of heartlessness and, what is worse, are bad art. The typhoid plague may perhaps be pardoned on the ground that it brings out the nobility of Jeannie, though it is a somewhat brutal expedient and slightly tedious in spite of the clever thunderstorm and the relief that comes with the rain. But nothing can justify the cancer episode. There are two maiden ladies, quite delightful, wrapped up in each other and their little interests. One writes poems, the other plays the guitar. Just as the plague is over and the wedding bells are about to ring, one of these old ladies develops cancer and dies, leaving her sister alone in the world; and the fact that the happy bride stops in the aisle of the gaily thronged cathedral to kiss the cheek of the figure in black cannot justify the intrusion of this realism. The only effect of it

is to crumble the pretty fabric of the book to dust, and show the absurdity of its prettiness. We hope it may be an early work, slightly touched and rewritten in parts. It is certainly a very disappointing piece of work coming from the pen of Mr. Benson.

## Books Received

### Art

Moore, T. Sturge, Albert Durer. Duckworth, 7/6 net. (Mr. Sturge Moore's volume professes to be an appreciation of Durer in relation to general ideas, not the result of new research. It forms part of the series which has already included Sir Charles Holroyd's "Michael Angelo," Lord Balcarras' "Donatello," and M. Dimier's "French Painting in the Sixteenth Century.")

The Year's Art, 1905. Hutchinson, 3/6 net.

### Biography

Rolfe, William J., A Life of William Shakespeare. Duckworth, 10/6 net. (See Review, page 104.)

### Classics

Gomperz, Theodor, Greek Thinkers: a History of Ancient Philosophy, Vols. II. and III. Translated by G. G. Berry. Murray, 14/0 net each vol.

### Drama

Jones, Henry Arthur, The Manceuvres of Jane. Macmillan, 2/6.  
Æschylus, The Prometheus Bound. Edited, with introduction, translation, and notes, by Janet Case (The Temple Dramatists). Dent, 1/0 net. (Greek and English on opposite pages. The translation is in prose.)

### Educational

Blackie's Junior School Milton. Paradise Lost, Book VI. Edited, with introduction, notes, and appendices, by Albert E. Roberts. Blackie, 1/0.

Blackie's Little German Classics. Goethe's Die Geschwister. Edited by Ludwig Hirsch. Müllersbach's Die Silberdistel. Edited by A. Meyer. Blackie, 0/6 net each.

Blackie's Little French Classics. Beaumarchais' Le Barbier de Seville. Edited by W. G. Hartog. Blackie, 0/8.

Blackie's English School Texts. Tales from the Decameron, Lamb's School-Days, and other Essays. Macaulay's First Chapter. Blackie, 0/8 each.

The English Counties. Birmingham and the Midlands. Blackie, 0/8.

Æneid of Virgil, Book III. Edited by A. Sidgwick. Cambridge Series for Schools and Training Colleges. Cambridge University Press, 1/6.

Thierry, Augustin, Les Normands en Angleterre et en France. Edited by A. H. Smith. Oxford Modern French Series. Clarendon Press, 2/6.

David, Jules, Le Serment. Edited by Cécile Hugon. Oxford Modern French Series. Clarendon Press, 1/6.

Blackledge, the Rev. G. R., Luganda-English and English-Luganda Vocabulary. S.P.C.K., 2/0. (A vocabulary of the language spoken in Uganda, by a C.M.S. missionary.)

### Engineering

Maxwell, William H., Assoc.M.Inst.C.E., National Engineering and Trade Lectures. Vol. I.: British Progress in Municipal Engineering. Constable, 6/0 net. (1. General road engineering. 2. Main drainage, Sewage disposal, Destructors. 3. Water supply, Conclusion.)

### Fiction

The complete works of Leo Tolstoy. Vol. I.: Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth—The Incurable. Vol. II.: A Landed Proprietor—The Cossacks—Sevastopol. Translated from the Russian and edited by Leo Wiener. Dent, 3/6 net. (The first instalment of a new translation of Tolstoy by the assistant professor of Slavic languages at Harvard University. See Review, page 100.)

Taylor, M. Imlay, The Rebellion of the Princess. Isbister, 6/0. (A romance of a French nobleman in Russia in the period of Louis XIV.)

Whiting, Mary Bradford, The Torch Bearers. Dent, 6/0. (A story of love and politics in modern Italy.)

Cunningham Graham, R. B., Progress and other Sketches. Duckworth, 6/0. (Sketches and studies of Spanish-America, North Africa, and other parts of the world, with a characteristic preface on prefaces.)

Rennison, Rennie, George's Georgina. Simpkin, Marshall, 6/0. (A story that would be amusing if the author had known where to stay his hand.)

Everett-Green, Evelyn, The Secret of Wold Hall. Hutchinson, 6/0. (Marcus Drummond, who has married Lady Marcia Drefreane, is unjustly suspected of a murder. After a mine explosion and some other exciting incidents the mystery is cleared up.)

McChesney, Dora Greenwell, Yesterday's To-morrow. Dent, 6/0. (A stirring romance of the Restoration.)

Porter, Gene Stratton, Freckles. Murray, 6/0. (A charming story of a wail and stray, who is left alone in charge of a lumber camp, and is ultimately discovered to be of noble birth. Decorations by E. Stetson Crawford.)

Parrish, Randall, My Lady of the North. Putnam, 6/0 net. (A romance of a Confederate officer and a Federal lady in the American Civil War.)

Oxenham, John, The Gate of the Desert. Methuen, 6/0. (A long but powerful story of self-sacrifice. The scenes are laid in the Canaries, on the edge of the Sahara, and in Mashonaland. Mr. Lewis Cohen, the Jew, "of Tadlet and Kimberley," is a well-conceived and interesting character.)

Russell, W. Clark, His Island Princess. Methuen, 6/0. (Another rattling story in Mr. Clark Russell's well-known manner. Castaways on a South Pacific island, wrecks, and adventures, with a tragic and pathetic ending.)

Isam, Frederic S., The Strollers. Ward, Lock, 6/0. (A company of strolling players in America, one of whom is "Madame Carew," a former favourite at Drury Lane. American in origin.)

Knight-Adkin, J. H., The Woman Stealers: Tales of the House of the Otter. Isbister, 3/6. (See Review, page 105.)

### History and Archaeology

Chadwick, H. Munro, Studies on Anglo-Saxon Institutions. Cambridge University Press, 8/0 net.



Johns, C. H. W., *Babylonian and Assyrian Laws, Contracts, and Letters*. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 12/0. (A volume of the "Library of Ancient Inscriptions." Sources and Bibliography—Laws and Contracts—Babylonian and Assyrian Letters—Appendix.)

Ranke, Leopold von, *History of the Reformation in Germany*. Translated by Sarah Austin. Edited by Robert A. Johnson. Routledge, 5/0. (Many of the notes are given both in German and English. Miss Austin is known as the translator of Ranke's "History of the Popes.")

#### Literary

Fitzmaurice-Kelly, James, *Cervantes in England*. Frowde, 1/0. (The lecture delivered before the British Academy in commemoration of the tercentenary of "Don Quixote.")

Farmer, S., and Henley, W. E., *Dictionary of Slang and Colloquial English*. Abridged from the seven-volume work entitled "Slang and its Analogues." Routledge & Son, 7/6 net.

Burroughs, John, *Far and Near*. Constable, 5/0 net. (Another volume of the delightful outdoor papers of this accomplished American writer.)

McSpaddon, J. Walker, *Synopses of Dickens's Novels*. Chapman & Hall, 2/6 net. (A useful little book, giving lists of characters, short synopses of the plots, and brief bibliographical notes.)

#### Military

Cassell's *History of the Russo-Japanese War*, Part 19. Cassell, 0/6 net.

#### Music

Ashton Jonson, G. C., *A Handbook of Chopin's Works*. Heinemann, 6/0 net. (A very useful kind of handbook or "Musical Baedeker" to Chopin's works.)

Lunn, Charles, *The Voice: its Downfall, its Training, and its Use; a manual for teachers, singers, and students*. Reynolds & Co., 3/6.

#### Poetry

Herford, Oliver, *The Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten*. Bickers, 3/6 net. (A sometimes amusing parody of the best known of Omar's quatrains. Illustrated by the author.)

#### Political

Brown, Arthur Judson, *New Forces in Old China*. Fleming H. Revell, 5/0 net. (The stupendous changes produced in China by western trade, politics, and religion.)

Joubert, Carl, *The Truth about the Tsar and the Present State of Russia*. Eveleigh Nash, 7/6 net. (By the author of "Russia as it really is." Plainspoken, personal, and rather sensational accounts of the Government, the army, the real cause of the war, &c.)

#### Reprints and New Editions

Cassell's *History of England*. Empire Edition. Part I. Cassell, 0/6 net. (A new edition to be issued in weekly parts. Copiously illustrated; Rembrandt photogravure plates after pictures by well-known artists; with maps and additional coloured plates.)

Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton. Two vols. Third impression. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$4 net each volume.

Smiles, Samuel, *Lives of the Engineers: Metcalf-Telford*. Murray, 3/6.

Rende, Charles, *The Wandering Heir; Collins, Wilkie, The Frozen Deep, and other tales*. Popular Edition. Chatto & Windus, 1/0 net cloth, 1/6 net leather.

Balsac, H. de, *Contes Choisis, with preface by Paul Bourget*. "Les Classiques Français." Edited by Daniel S. O'Connor. Dent, cloth 1/6 net, limp lamb skin 2/6 net. (See page 97.)

Trotter, Captain Lionel, *The Life of John Nicholson*. Murray, 2/6 net. (The ninth (popular) edition of Captain Trotter's book which was published in 1897.)

The Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Vol. IV.: *Miscellaneous Pieces*. Bell, The York Library, cloth 2/0, leather 3/0 net.

Bridges, T., *Punctuation Simplified*, second edition. T. Bridges, 37 Maclise Road, West Kensington, 0/6 net.

Rawstorne, Lawrence, Esq., *Gamonia, or the Art of Preserving Game*. Methuen, 3/6 net. (One of Messrs. Methuen's "Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books." Founded on Ackermann's edition of 1837, with fifteen coloured drawings, "taken on the spot" by J. T. Rawlins.)

#### Science

Scouller, J., *Darwinian Fallacies*. Simpkin, Marshall, 3/6 net.

#### Sociology

Henderson, Charles Richmond, and others, *Modern Methods of Charity*. Macmillan, 15/0 net. (An examination of systems of relief, public and private, in the principal countries of Europe and in America. With a bibliography.)

#### Travel and Topography

Sladen, Douglas, *Sicily, the New Winter Resort*. An Encyclopedia of Sicily. Methuen, 5/0 net. (A less jaunty and more informative work than Mr. Sladen's books on Japan. Includes a key to the Sicilian dialect, and a table of railways and coaches. Fully illustrated.)

#### Catalogues

West Ham Public Libraries: *Passmore Edwards Branch, Plaistow*. Catalogue of books in the Juvenile Library. Compiled by Alfred Cotgrave, F.R.Hist.S., Borough Librarian. Caines, Broadway, Plaistow. (An admirable compilation, classified and annotated.) Myers & Co., 59 High Holborn, W.C. B. H. Blackwell, 50 and 51 Broad Street, Oxford.

## Science

### The Cosmos in Category

"ALL facts belong to science, and are her portion for ever"; let us then take the Cosmos, or the Sum of All that Is, and reduce it, if we may, to its ultimate components, so that we may know with what orders of facts science must deal. But before making such a category as is compatible with the knowledge of to-day, let us contemplate a very simple one which appeared valid to many some thirty years ago.

The dogma of theoretical materialism (which we must not compare with practical materialism or mammon-worship) was not the least clear of creeds outworn. According to it, the spectator of all time and all existence had to deal with an aggregation of moving atoms. These atoms were very small, indivisible, hard or impenetrable bodies, of some seventy-five elemental varieties, each atom being a unit of matter. Now the atoms were in constant movement, and the movement was so important that we might conveniently sum all things as consisting of Matter and Motion. Certain facts, however, indicated the existence of a subtler stuff, believed to be omnipresent, which was called the ether. Some said that this was atomic, some that it was continuous and homogeneous; some thought it imponderable, others ponderable; but at any rate it could only be thought of as a subtler form of matter. There was also—by the way—a certain curious manifestation, hardly to be called an entity, but perhaps worth mentioning, which was known as mind. When certain atoms, arranged in an exceptionally complex fashion, and moving in a peculiar way, were observed, it was noticed that their clashing produced a sort of disturbance, somewhat different from those of sound and heat, which we could call consciousness or mind. This was only a bye-product or epi-phenomenon—to use the term applied to it by a former distinguished contributor to this journal, Professor Huxley: and as a bye-product it could hardly enter into an ultimate category of the All.

That creed was good enough for some in the seventies, and doubtless contents a few to-day, though I have never met one. We need waste no space in criticising it here, save to remark upon the amazing ingratitude—shall we say?—which degraded Mind, the percipient of all else, matter, ether, and motion, to the level of a bye-product. For if mind, the only thing of which we have immediate knowledge, be a bye-product, then surely that which we know thereby—atoms, ether, and motion—is merely a bye-product of a bye-product—and what becomes of Reality?

Now radium and radio-activity have proved what the wise knew without their aid, that the hard atoms, "the foundation-stones of the material universe, which have existed since the creation, unbroken and unworn"—are as much a figment of the imagination as the palace of Kubla Khan, or any other product of an opium-dream. We may regard as proven the modern electrical theory of matter, which has shown that even the root-characters of mass and inertia, which we attribute to matter, are properties of electrical energy. Nor will any trained intelligence now dispute the proposition of Spencer (him the unscrupulous call materialist) that, if it were necessary to describe the All in terms of matter alone, or of mind alone, one's only chance of success would lie in the latter alternative.

Let us, then, make a Category of the Cosmos as we now understand it—not, however, using the word "now" as if to suggest that at last we have reached finality. Our category must include four entities which, at the first glance, we can observe. These are Matter, the Ether, the many obvious forms of Energy, such as light, electricity, heat and Mind. Modern theory, as I have shown, entirely disposes of the first, that matter which was once thought to be the only reality worth mentioning. There is more to be said of this view, which upsets all our notions of every-day things, and which describes the attributes of a chair or a mountain in terms of electricity: but here we will simply accept it. This reduces us to a category of three—energy, the ether, and mind; but obviously we cannot rest here. The human intellect

has an irresistible tendency to unify. All thinking people are convinced of the truth of some form of Monism. Monotheism is evidently an ancient expression of this tendency: a tendency which every day's new light further justifies. At present theory seems to suggest that this ether, originally "invented" to account for the phenomena of light, and called the "luminiferous ether," is really the *prima materia* of the ancients, the *Urstoff* of the Germans, the *protyle* of Sir William Crookes: and all forms of energy may be referred to movements—vibratory and other—of the ether. Let us then provisionally reduce our Category of the Cosmos to a dualism; the ether and its energy on the one hand, and Mind on the other.

Such a dualism, as a final statement, will satisfy nobody: indeed has satisfied nobody, for the problem is old though the terms and the details are new. The reader is familiar with the two extremes which thought has taken in time past: and they are the same to-day. The idealists maintain that Mind is the only reality, and that the ether and its energy exist only in mind: as Berkeley would say, their *esse* is *percipi*. The opposite school say that mind must be a product of the ethereal energies, though they do not tell us how the law of the Conservation of Energy can be proved to hold in regard to the production of the Eroica symphony or the "Divina Commedia." The third school finds it impossible to explain not-mind in terms of mind, or mind in terms of not-mind, and regards both as manifestations of one Reality. This is the Spinoza-Spencer school. Time is not yet when men shall cease to discuss that Reality's Ineffable Name. For myself, I hold it literally Ineffable.

C. W. SALEEBY.

## Drama: The Comic Idea

"Great Friends" at the Stage Society; "Mrs. Dering's Divorce" at Terry's.

IT has more than once happened, in the last year or two, that a play, originally produced by the Stage Society, has subsequently found its way on to the boards of what its admirers call the regular, and its critics the commercial theatre. Such events are, no doubt, occasions of legitimate triumph to an organisation which aims, I take it, not merely at providing caviare for a coterie, but at influencing and even, if the word is not too big, reforming the wider life of the national drama outside its own doors. It is perhaps a trifle less satisfactory when one's first instinct after seeing a play of the Stage Society's is to ask why on earth it should not have been left for the regular or commercial theatre to produce; and this also, I am afraid, has happened more than once in the last year or two. To my mind it very notably happened this week with Mr. Street's "Great Friends." One can understand that even the members of the Stage Society may have felt some reaction towards the conventional after the grim tragedy with which their season opened. But, if you are going to be pioneers, you must expect to be called upon to dig; and "Great Friends" is certainly not the kind of treasure-trove which lies so far beneath the surface as to be imperceptible to the divining-rod of the ordinary manager. May I explain that I went to the Court much prejudiced in the author's favour? Russell Bantock, in "The Trials of the Bantocks," has always seemed to me one of the minor immortals of contemporary fiction, and the merciless analysis and sane moral judgment of Mr. Street's

longer book, "The Wise and the Wayward," seemed to point to precisely the qualities needed by your comic dramatist. The greater was my disappointment. Sydney Baldwin, M.P. (Mr. Dawson Milward), is a young man with a future. He is engaged to Grace Pontemarx (Miss Dorothy Grimston), a girl of character rather than brilliance, who will make him an excellent wife. He proceeds, however, to imperil their joint chances of happiness by philandering, by becoming "great friends" with Lucy Lady Raffin (Miss Gertrude Kingston), a lady whose social talents and perhaps her complexion all her female acquaintances appear to regard as amounting to a certificate of immorality. Baldwin succeeds in falling over a cat upon Lady Raffin's doorstep and breaking his leg. He is laid up for a month in the Raffin house in Pont Street, and subsequently goes down to convalesce at the Raffin place in Hampshire. Between you and me, there is nothing very much for society to make a fuss about in all this. Lady Raffin is lonely, and quite frankly endeavours to persuade Baldwin to break off his engagement with Grace. But there is no reason to suppose that he will do so or that the permitted limits of friendship are passed. Grace's mother, however, who detests Lady Raffin, thinks otherwise, and proceeds to write distinctly unpleasant letters both to Baldwin himself and to Lady Raffin's husband. A sufficiently awkward situation is produced, and is only put an end to by Grace herself, who takes her fate into her own hands and sails down to Hampshire to recover her errant lover. The triteness of the finale rather leaves you gasping, and I think it will be recognised that throughout the play there is nothing which can be regarded as of an "experimental" nature. So far as you are amused, you owe it entirely to Miss Gertrude Kingston, who is inimitable in her adroit management of a fatuous husband. But Miss Gertrude Kingston has been amusing us all in this sort of way for a long time, without any help from the Stage Society. Mr. Street's dialogue, again, is neatly turned, although perhaps it is even a little too discreet, too much afraid of being epigrammatic, to be quite as effective on the stage as it is in print. But neatly turned dialogue, although I do not know that it is any great help to a play in the commercial theatre, is after all not an absolute disqualification there.

The fact is, that Miss Gertrude Kingston and an English style are not by themselves sufficient to make a comedy. You want also—and I own I am surprised that Mr. Street should not have discovered it—you want also a comic idea. Indeed, it is the presence of the comic idea which differentiates true comedy from the various other forms of entertainment that often masquerade in its colours. Farcical comedy may enmesh you in an extravagant web of ridiculous situations. Sentimental comedy may beguile you through misunderstanding after misunderstanding to a roseate close. But it is the function of true comedy to isolate from the tangle of life some fantastic tendency of society as a whole, or some absurd or stupid element in the relations of one individual to others in that society, and to lay it bare for the satisfaction of the satirical, humorous, ironic or cynical perceptions which make up the complex of the comic sense. With the best will in the world I cannot see what there is in "Great Friends" to satisfy any one of the comic perceptions. Comedy Mr. Street might have attained without any change in the structure of his play. Imagine Sydney Baldwin between the bad woman and the good girl, the object of the affections and the consequent intrigues of both of them,



and himself all the time complacently set upon the achievement of his own career, without any capacity whatever for sentiment; and at once you get exactly the kind of relations with which comedy can deal set up. The actual Sydney Baldwin is a singularly colourless person. If he had any emotions in the course of the play, I, for one, failed to discover them. Perhaps this was partly Mr. Dawson Milward's fault. But whatever Baldwin is, he is not comic. No! I am afraid it must be admitted that, for once, Mr. Street has rather unexpectedly failed to see life with the comic vision; and this just at the critical moment when he was writing a comedy. And so I must leave him, and stomach my disappointment as best I can.

Oddly enough, although Mr. Percy Fendall's "Mrs. Dering's Divorce" is in most respects a vastly inferior play to "Great Friends," it does happen to have precisely that comic idea which the other so singularly lacks. There is an irony in the relation of the husband and wife who seek a collusive divorce because they cannot agree, and, immediately it is declared, begin to find that life is intolerable without each other. Owing, however, to the perversity of things, a comic idea is no more able than any of the other ingredients of comedy to compose a dish by itself. "Mrs. Dering's Divorce" comes to nothing, partly because Mr. Fendall's dialogue lacks distinction and his incident lacks research, but more especially because, when the gods gave Mrs. Langtry a beautiful voice and other good things, they quite unaccountably failed to give her a sense of humour. Now obviously without a sense of humour you cannot be a *comédienne*.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

## Art

### A Craftsman's Ideals

THE visitor to the Watts Exhibition at Burlington House last Monday afternoon may have noticed, a few minutes before four o'clock, a trickle of his fellow-creatures filing off into the dark passage to the right of the grand staircase. If he possessed a ticket admitting him to the winter lectures of the Royal Academy he would brave that dark passage, and would probably lose his way, as I did, in the subterranean corridors and studios that compose the Royal Academy schools. Statues of nymphs, huge plaster heads and reliefs would lean out to him from the gloom; he would stumble up and down stairs, cross a drawbridge, seeing ghostly figures of girls and youths in paint-stained blouses flit past him. Perhaps when he knocked against a torso of Hercules and apolo-gised, thinking in the gloom that it was a burly member of the Royal Academy, he would recall Manet's fine saying that light is the principal person in a picture, and contrast these twilight, statue-lined corridors with the light-drenched, airy hall where the Beaux-Arts students in Paris work from the antique.

I came safely through these adventures and emerged, not without astonishment, from a narrow staircase into one of the Royal Academy exhibition rooms, the walls bare as a newly ploughed field. I followed a group of students through a door, pausing while they signed their names, into the Lecture Room where, at the summer exhibitions, the sculpture is exposed.

When Mr. George Clausen was appointed Professor of Painting, and Mr. Alfred Gilbert Professor of Sculpture, the Royal Academy lectures became significant and popular, not only among those whose profession of faith

is art for art's sake, but also with those who believe with that Spanish poet, Ramón de Campoamor, dead so early, that the best artist is the best translator of the works of God. No wonder the students, and those of the public who care seriously about art, crowded to the Clausen and Gilbert lectures. Both men have been touched by the divine fire; both have held the sealing sacred; both are still students ever searching, ever experimenting; both have given great achievements to the world; and both, without the slightest flicker of oratory or the remotest facility for rhetorical periods, have the gift of halting self-expression with that intuitive sincerity which moves mountains and—audiences.

Mr. Clausen's lectures are finished for the season. Mr. Gilbert began his course last Monday, and the only member of the Royal Academy present besides the Keeper of the Schools, Mr. Crofts, was Mr. Clausen. While we waited for their entrance I reflected on the work and on the life of Mr. Alfred Gilbert.

His Work? I affirm, and many will agree with me, that he is the greatest craftsman in plastic beauty that this country has produced. You must not judge him by the Piccadilly fountain, in the creation of which he was hampered and harassed by the local authorities. It stands there shorn of its attributes like a polled willow, from which its natural water has been diverted. Judge him by his masterpiece on which he has lavished mind, heart and fortune—that magnificent memorial to the Duke of Clarence at Windsor; by the working models for this outstanding work of the Victoria era (you will find them reproduced in "The Art Journal" Easter annual for 1903), the models for "The Virgin," "Edward the Confessor," "St. Michael," "St. George" and "St. Elizabeth of Hungary"; by his colossal and triumphant statue of Queen Victoria at Winchester, and the *épergne* he made for her; by his Fawcett memorial in Westminster Abbey; by his "Icarus" and "Comedy and Tragedy"; by his chains of office; by a dozen smaller things, seals and such-like—he has done solely for the love of doing them.

His Life? We may disapprove of, we may loathe the fusing before the public eye of a man's work with his life; but in this rough-and-tumble world the life of a public man does become public property. It is no secret that Mr. Gilbert's sturdy frame has received persistent attention from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. It is not my concern to inquire into the justice of it, or how far he invited the imps of misfortune. Well, Mr. Henry James in a charming essay once explained how those who are sad or distressed or out of joint with the world; those who wish to possess their souls in patience, to work and dream, and take on the mystery of things—drift to Venice. There are other old, unambitious towns—kind and dying—whither the sorrowful drift. Bruges is one of them. To Bruges Mr. Gilbert has gone, and if ever the Bruges folk peep through the doors of his vast studios they must gape at the signs of such activity.

The Lecture? Only a man who had suffered could have given such an address! It was a plea for Idealism; for the growth of the soul inspiring the work of the

## PERMANENT REPRODUCTIONS

OF THE WORKS OF

G. F. Watts, E. Burne-Jones, D. G. Rossetti,  
Windsor Castle Holbein Drawings,

Also Pictures from the Uffizi and Louvre Galleries, may be obtained from FREDK. HOLLYER, 8 Pembroke Square, London, W.  
Illustrated Catalogue 12 penny stamps. Foreign stamps accepted from abroad.

hands; for Idealism, the mother of Taste; for humanism in art. Sleeping, waking, the students must hug their ideal; they must "do as I say, not as I do." Not all our eyes were dry when he said that. There was praise, too—veneration, rather—for Watts, for Flaxman and Alfred Stevens. "No man should dare" (this with emotion) "to enter uncovered a room containing a work by Alfred Stevens." At this, I think, the little Stevens lions that used to stand outside the railings of the British Museum, making a walk down Museum Street a pleasure, would clap their paws.

And, after the lecture, I descended the stairs into the labyrinth of dim passages, uplifted by the words of this great craftsman—words whose message is that behind the efforts of the sculptor there should be always something of love, veneration and faith. It was five o'clock. There was still an hour before the Watts Exhibition closed. I was in the mood to see for the fourth time the collected work of this other great Idealist of the nineteenth century. I think I only looked at nine pictures—"Miss Edith Villiers," the little Hayricks landscape, "Joachim," "Prayer," "For He had Great Possessions," "The Dove that Returned Not," "The Dove that Returned in the Evening," "Death Crowning Innocence" and "The Rider on the White Horse."

Then, perhaps because I was becoming too transcendently-minded, I encountered Mr. Brock's huge "Model of the Design for the National Memorial to Queen Victoria." In vain I searched for the love, veneration and faith that should be behind every work of sculpture.

"It will stand," I reflected, "in front of Buckingham Palace; but at any rate it is better than the series of monuments that the German Emperor is erecting, at short intervals, to his ancestors in the Thiergarten of Berlin—dreadful sight! They begin with Albert the Bear; they continue to the present day, and they make the Siegesallee a nightmare."

C. L. H.

## Romance, Old Style and New

**A**T the sign of The Green Sheaf, in Knightsbridge, Miss Tadema has lately published "Four Plays." Two of them, "The Unseen Helmsman" and "The Merciful Soul," were printed for the first time some years ago, and, either in London or in Christiania and Antwerp, were afterwards put upon the stage. The other two, which more particularly engage attention, have not been given to the press till now.

What may be Miss Tadema's place in the estimation of the reading public we have no immediate means of judging; but, from remembrance of the reception of her first contributions to imaginative literature, we should say that her gifts made on most minds a strong, but yet uncertain, impression. If so, this is a case in which, we fancy, the general reader and the more critical are pretty much agreed, the difference between them being such as Lawrence Alma-Tadema has no reason to regret. Close attention to her merits takes nothing from their emphasis; and if the feeling described as uncertainty remains, it diminishes as we seek for an explanation of it. It would disappear altogether, or at any rate assume a different character, were this conjecture verified: that, whether from idiosyncrasy (her own) or whether from a calculated preference of free growth to all but the most necessary systematic training, she has shared the history of things that find their own way to such perfection as they are capable of. Preference of this sort is not very uncommon, and minds there are of a reflec-

tive order which, however assiduously taught, ward off intrusion as by another kind of maidenly instinct, and only expand in a domain chosen for themselves by themselves. The result, whenever it challenges observation as in a tale or a poem, generally reveals the same drawback with the same advantage: the advantage, a certain wild strength, freshness, freedom; the drawback, unexpected crudities or what may be called innocences, and an occasional absence of the veil where truth should not stare through too thin an atmosphere.

In "New Wrecks upon Old Shoals" an original idea (so far as we are able to bethink ourselves) has been treated with great ingenuity and success. Here in two scenes we have two dramatic sketches—one of Long ago and one of To-day, representing precisely the same love-lorn situation with only that difference: the one is of to-day and the other of long ago. The drama proceeds in the same old house and in the same old room of it—quite unchanged in the second scene except for the "restless medley" of cushions and curtains and photographs and curios which are the proper adornments of my lady's room in these times. The *dramatis personæ* are two in both scenes; they bear the same names, Aubrey and Ursula; they are in the same relation to each other at heart; and it adds to the force of the double presentation that the two young people are in no strange crisis of distress but about the most common in the whole range of the romance of love. In both scenes the Aubrey of the tale returns from a long absence abroad, and unexpectedly appears at the old house, which is the abode of the lady's father. It is glowing with light and in high revel of music and dancing, for to-morrow the Lady Ursula is to be married—to riches and great estate, but not by any means for love. In the scene of long ago Aubrey contrives a message to his Ursula; will see her, and see her alone; will take no denial; not that she quite unwillingly steals away and goes to him in the dimly-lit little chamber where he waits already. And there, too, he will take no denial. Has come to carry her off, congratulating her no less than himself on having arrived just in time. The contract signed? The rings exchanged, the vows vowed, her father's honour and her brother's future at stake upon the marriage? What of all that? What, then, becomes of her truth to herself and to him? "Do you love me, Ursula?" "Yes. There is no joy but your presence, no pain but the want of you." "All's said, then," he insists. She does not know the real meaning of what else she has been saying. And so, Come!—by the window here. . . . The rest is as if we were reading some wild old ballad. Approaching voices—of the father, of the bridegroom and a dying Ursula, who blesses the wound through which her infidelity departs.

That is the long ago. The scene to-day we are entirely at home in. The modern Aubrey returns to the modern Lady Ursula in precisely the same circumstances, sends his message, and, breaking from the music and the dance, Lady Ursula answers it as readily. But as for what follows, this is the way of it: "Why, Aubrey! you! Where do you spring from?" (They shake hands). "A gentleman to see me on important business—and then only you!" (Both laugh.) "Only me! I like that! A nice thing to say to a man you haven't seen for seven months!" "As long as that? The others will be awfully glad to see you. We are giving a sort of tenants' ball, you know, in honour of—to-morrow." "Yes, of course, to-morrow. Suppose we stay here a bit. Sit down, there's a nice girl, and talk



to me a little first." "Well, just a second," and so the conversation runs on. She reminds him that he has not congratulated her. He answers that the moment he heard of her engagement he wrote, and sent her a bushel of orange-blossoms. He *did* write! He swears he did!—"a perfectly twee letter." And he has brought her a bracelet which she declares is quite wickedly beautiful. And still the interchange of "chaff" goes on till presently they stray off into the subject of marrying for love, when it appears that he knew a man—"but he's dead now"—who was awfully gone upon a girl, and she cared a good deal about him. Oh, yes, she did!—the man knew. No, he didn't marry her. He hadn't any money. Neither had she. "So he just said nothing but stood out of the way; and in the course of time she made a thundering fine match. Ursula exclaims that she does not think much of Aubrey's story, nor much of his friend. Aubrey insists that the man did his duty. "Did he?" cries Ursula, "and what did the girl think?" That seems to make Aubrey uncomfortable. "You do agree with me, don't you, Ursula, that he did the right thing?" "No!" "He did, though. She made a rattling smart match!"

We can go no further with a scene which in itself is admirably done—as faithful a transcript of the speech, mood and manners of the time in a wide circle of society as we have ever yet encountered, and with many good touches that we have given no idea of; for this Aubrey and this Ursula have hearts in their bosoms, too, and are human in spite of appearances. But beyond that there is the interest of a telling contrast, well carried out and well worth thinking of.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

## Monthly Prize Competition

### REGULATIONS.

WE shall give, until further notice, a monthly prize, value £1 1s., for the best criticism of a specified book. The prize will take the form of a £1 1s. subscription to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Circulating Library. In the case of any prize-winner living too far from the nearest branch of this library, or for any other good reason not desiring to subscribe to it, the subscription will be transferred to another library, to be chosen by the prize-winner. If already a subscriber to a library, the guinea will run from end of present subscription or be added to it at once. The prize-winner will be sent an order on the library selected, a cheque for £1 1s. being forwarded with proper notification to the proprietors. The winning criticism will be printed, with the writer's name, in the ACADEMY AND LITERATURE. Style and independence of view will be chiefly taken into account in awarding the prize. We need not remind competitors that they are not called upon to buy the selected books, but can obtain them from a library.

### RULES.

1. The criticism must not exceed eight hundred words or be less than five hundred.
2. All communications must be addressed to "The Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 5 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C."
3. The Editor's judgment in awarding the prize must be considered final.
4. The MS. must be clearly written by hand, or typewritten, on one side only of the paper.
5. No competitor can win the prize more than once in three months. In case a previous prize-winner sends in the best criticism, his (or her) paper will be printed, the prize going, however, to the next best sent in by a non-prize-winner.
6. The competition coupon must be filled in and sent with the MS. (See page 3 of Cover.)

## SUBJECT FOR FOURTH COMPETITION

VIVIAN GREY. By Lord Beaconsfield.

Competitors' MSS. must reach the office not later than February 13.

## Correspondence

### Replies

SIR,—This week I have somehow failed to overtake my ACADEMY correspondence in secret, and must ask the favour of an inch of space from you.

My thanks to Mr. Dawbarn, of Enfield, for his observation that it is a wise religion which appeals to the emotions primarily, since they, as I have asserted, are the mainspring of volition.

Mr. Coddington, of Nantwich, and another correspondent have my thanks for commenting on my remark that our universe may be moving through space as a whole. This, as they suggest must be, is on the assumption, supported by Professor Simon Newcomb, that our universe is a finite disc, bounded by the Milky Way. We could learn of its motion only by meeting other universes in the course of ages. The two senses of the word "universe" are confusing.

Mr. Bindon, of Bristol, asks some great questions, most of which I have tried to answer in past articles. The origin of the sun's heat may rudely be described as due to the friction engendered by the unceasing gravitational contraction of his mass.

My thanks to other correspondents who demand no present answer.—Yours, &c. C. W. SALEEBY.

### The Nature of Reality

SIR,—Dr. Saleeby seems to be amazed that Professor Haeckel should regard "modern science as acquainted with the nature of reality." But wherefore? Science is ordered knowledge—the classification of sense-impressions—and what, I ask, have five-sense beings to do with any other "knowledge" or "reality"? The very notion that beneath the phenomenal lies something which is "real"—the noumenal—is, after all, nothing but a projection—an illicit projection—of our sense-derived notion of reality into the metaphysical region of "things-in-themselves." In other words, because we believe in the reality of our sense-impressions *per se*, we imagine there must be a transcendent reality which produces them. Take a biscuit. It has shape, colour, hardness, taste—sense-impressions. Eat it, and no longer can you see and taste it. Then you must have eaten the "thing-in-itself," else why does not that weird object still produce sense-impressions? Can you eat the properties *off* a biscuit and leave the "noumenon" on your plate? Futile idealism, whose true name is "unrealism."

The sense-impressions are real enough for us; they are ultimate facts, and it were waste of time to discuss the notion of a phantasmagoria behind them. The "noumenon" is an unreal construction from the "phenomenon," just as a unicorn is an unreal construction from the horse.—Yours, &c.

J. B. WALLIS.

SIR,—The ever-growing circle of readers which Dr. Saleeby's contributions to your columns are securing will, I think, find the one in the current number not the least interesting among them. It is surprising how few even among the baby-adoring mothers, to say nothing of proud fathers, know what to expect from them, and how to account for their apparently queer ways.

The astonishing grip of the tiny hand—by which the newborn babe may actually be lifted—is, among many other like facts, full of hints which it concerns us all to take. And the connection of the absence of "earlids" to be closed like eyelids, with the helplessness of human infancy, is at least an hypothesis of value. One thing which rather militates against such connection, however, is the extent to which really deep—that is, normal—sleep can resist not only shocks of sound, but even some shaking. In truth, most of us enjoy but the thin sleep of the semi-invalid.

I cannot, however, here enter into this wider question; but many of us, to whom the central facts of life and experience are of pressing and practical interest, cannot but thank Dr. Saleeby for the vivid and lucid way in which he presents them.—Yours, &c. V. WELBY.

## "Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 5 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

### COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" carries disqualification.

### NOTE.

**WORMWOOD (ARTEMISIA ABSINTHIUM).**—This quality of bitterness is the chief attraction in those objectionable tonics called *absinthe* and *vermouth*, as intensified by the addition of alcohol in the form of spirits or wine. Our great authority, Professor Skeat, tells us that the origin of the word "wormwood" is unknown, and utterly repudiates any possible connection with that intestinal parasite called "worms." Historically we have the primitive German *werimuota* (W.W.S.), *wormuota* (Kluge), modern *wer-muth*. The humble but pernicious (in this form) worm is *vaursus* in Gothic, Latin *vermis*; the suffix looks like an expulsion, from "out" you go! Dealt with medically "wormwood" was used as a prophylactic, thus defined: "It derives its name from its use in destroying worms in children." Again, "a species of *artemisia* . . . is reputed to be *anthelmintic*," from the Greek *anti* (against) *helmins* (a worm); perhaps "worm-out" is too definite for a mere speculation, guessing goes such a long way with etymologists.—A. HALL.

## Questions.

### SHAKESPEARE.

\* **HOLD ON OUR BOWSTRINGS.**—The last lines of "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act I., are:

*Quince.* At the Duke's oak we meet.

*Bottom.* Enough! Hold on our bowstrings.

It is obvious that the above words mean "in any event," but can any one explain the origin of the expression or how it comes to have that meaning? So far as my researches go, the commentators make nothing of it. "Hold or break bowstrings" would present no difficulty, but "a" indicates a deliberate act of the Bowman.—H.C.

### LITERATURE.

\* **BRAVE PRINCE WILLIAM.**—In Goldsmith's "Description of an Author's Bedchamber" there occurs the line—

"And brave Prince William shows his lamplblack face."

To whom is the reference, and why "lamplblack"? Is this expression peculiar to Goldsmith?—E.J.D. (Ealing).

\* **THE THIEVING EAGLE.**—In Isaac Walton's "Life of Richard Hooker" there is a letter from Archbishop Whitgift to Queen Elizabeth, wherein reference is made to "the eagle that stole a coal from the altar and thereby set her nest on fire, which consumed both her young eagles and herself that stole it." What is the origin of this story?—John Fearer, jun. (Upper Clapton).

\* **ROTHEN.**—In "Rothen" Kinglake quotes:

Soothe him with her sner fancies,  
Touch him with her lighter thought.

He tells us this is by Tennyson. It must have been written prior to 1845, but I have been unable to find it in any of the earlier poems. Can any reader identify it?—D. Davies (Winchester).

\* **AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER WANTED** of a volume of Euclid in which the preface is devoted to a prayer for guidance of those using the book.—Tramp (Charing Cross).

\* **AUTHOR WANTED.**

As like as a hand to another hand.

Whoever said that foolish thing, &c.

The above passage occurs in Browning's "James Lee's Wife." Is there any record of such a saying, and where did the poet find it?—Madge S. Smith (Belton).

Wer die Schönheit angeschaut mit Augen  
Ist dem Tode schon anheimgegeben,  
Wird für keinen Dienst auf Erde taten,  
Und doch wird er vor dem Tode beben,  
Wer die Schönheit angeschaut mit Augen.

Can any one identify this quotation?—F.S.B. (Cambridge).

The following lines were given me as a parallel passage some years ago. I should like to know the source. I am quoting from memory:

Nemo me lacrimis nec funera fletu  
Faxit cur nolit dum vivo per ora virum.

Cormas (Truro).

### Sic Vita.

Like to the falling of a starre,  
Or as the flights of eagles are;  
Or like the fresh spring's gawdy hue,  
Or silver drops of morning dew, &c.

The poem thus beginning is attributed both to Francis Beaumont and to Bishop Henry King, of Chichester. To whom does it really belong, and how did the confusion in authorship arise?—E. J. Ludlow (Edinburgh).

### GENERAL.

\* **SAVE THE MARK.**—What is the origin and explanation of the expression "Save the mark"?—Immerito (Reddington).

\* **NONCONFORMIST CONSCIENCE.**—Who was the coinor of this much-used phrase? It occurs in Oscar Wilde's play "Lady Windermere's Fan." Was he responsible for it?—F.C.B. (Brookley).

\* **DAME MARY MAY.**—In Hare's "Sussex" it says: "In Mid-Lavant Church, St. Nicholas, is a tomb with an effigy, erected during the lifetime of Dame Mary May, 1681." Who was Dame Mary May, and what was she celebrated for?—Charles H. M. Pennycook (Brighton).

\* **PROPER NAME PRONUNCIATION.**—Is there any book published to serve as a guide to the pronunciation of proper names occurring in English literature? One hears such varied pronunciations at different times as to be in doubt which is correct. A few examples are Jaques, Blougram, Catriona, Guinevere, Hugues.—F.W.T. (Dudley).

\* **FRENCH LAWYERS.**—Can any one give me a short account of the position of the bench and bar in France at the present day? In reading Balsac, Hugo and other French novelists one gets the idea that law students fresh from college are at once promoted to the position of minor judges in the provinces, or of the Irish (paid) R.M.s. A Frenchman whom I have consulted tells me that young judges are allowed to sit only as assessors of their elders, and that the Shallows in the provinces are, as with us, unpaid members of the *bourgeoisie*. I think Mr. Bryce says somewhere that on the Continent promotion is from the Bench to the Bar.—R.O.Y.

\* **RICHARD III.**—I have read that Richard III.'s body after the Battle of Bosworth was buried in a stone coffin. This is said to have been used as a horse-trough of an inn. Is this historically true? If so, where was (or is) the inn, and where is his body interred?—Lawrence Keogh.

## Answers.

### SHAKESPEARE.

\* **"THE LADY OF THE STRACHY."**—Many suggestions have been made to explain this passage. Stevens thought "the lady of the strachy" laundry was meant; but it is more likely to allude to some popular tale or ballad in which a lady of high degree married beneath her. The title of Stratio was applied to governors of certain Italian towns; and Italian tales were in great favour in Shakespeare's day; many of his plays are, of course, based on them. "Stratio" might quite easily come through "strategus," "strategy," "stratgy," etc., to Malvolio's "Strachy"; and on the whole this seems the most likely solution. Collier also suggests "the lady of the Stroksi"; and Thrace (Trachy, Strachy), or Astrakhan (A-Strachy or the Strachy) also offer possibilities.—B.C.H.

\* **SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.**—Your correspondent's question on the subject of poems addressed to men in the strain which characterises the Sonnets elicited references to Michelangelo and Barnefield. Reference may usefully be made to Eclogue I. in the "Piscatory Eclogues" of Phineas Fletcher. In this eclogue, Thelgon (i.e. the poet's father, Giles Fletcher, LL.D. Cantab., Treasurer of St. Paul's in 1587) speaks of the youth Amyntas. The following lines may be quoted by way of illustration:

Yet once he said (which I, then fool, believ'd)

"When I forget true Thelgon's love to me,  
The love which ne'er my certain hope deceiv'd;  
The wavering sea shall stand, and rocks remove:"  
He said, and I believ'd; so credulous is love.

Sure either this thou didst but mocking say,  
Or else the rock and sea had heard my plaining;  
But thou, ah me! art only constant in disdaining.

Phineas Fletcher, who was born in 1584, became incumbent of Hilgay, in Norfolk, in 1621. In 1633, the forty-ninth year of the poet's age and the twelfth year of his incumbency, the "Piscatory Eclogues" were published, with the prefatory statement that they were "raw products" of the poet's "very unripe years and almost childhood." If this statement be accurate the Eclogues were written before the publication of the Sonnets.—George Newall.

### LITERATURE.

\* **THE RELAXED BOW.**—It is from Horace, no doubt, that our English authors, Roger Ascham, Bacon, &c., have derived the comparison of a relaxed bow with mental recreation:

Neque semper arcum

Tendit Apollo.—Odes II. 10.

R. Bruce Boswell (Chingford).

\* **NATURE SIMILES.**—An example of the use of a manufactured article to supply a figure for Nature is found in Shakespeare, "Henry V., I. II. 194:

Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,

Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds.

Gray uses the same figure in "The Progress of Poesy," I. 27:

O'er Idalia's velvet green  
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen  
On Cytherea's day.

Johnson's criticism on this passage is as follows: "... Idalia's velvet green has something of cant. An epithet or metaphor drawn from Nature ennobles Art; an epithet or metaphor drawn from Art degrades Nature" ... ("Lives of the Poets": Gray). This dictum certainly applies to the following from Butler's "Hudibras," where, of course, the degradation is intentional:

And, like a lobster boiled, the morn  
From black to red began to turn.—W.M. (Aberdeen).

### GENERAL.

\* **NOT ROOM TO SWING A CAT!**—This saying arose from the sport of swinging a cat to the branch of a tree, as a mark to be shot at. Shakespeare refers to another variety of the sport; the cat, being enclosed in a leathern bottle, was suspended to a tree to be shot at. "Hang me in a bottle like a cat" ("Much Ado about Nothing," I. I.).—K.S. (Bristol).

\* **"GUBBINS."**—This appellation was given derisively and to imply contempt, as it originates from the word "gubbings"—the offal of fish.—M. Maclean Dobbs.

\* **"ORDER REIGNS AT WARSAW."**—Further replies received from Hilda Wood; Percy Selser; and L.L. (Lincoln).

\* **PRIZES.**—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been dispatched to the several winners and to the following booksellers:

Messrs. Harrison & Sons, 59 Pall Mall, S.W.  
Mr. E. Duckworth, 41 Bridge Street, Bolton.  
Mr. C. Young, 11 The Parade, St. James's Street, Walthamstow.  
Mr. J. G. Bissett, 85 Broad Street, Aberdeen, N.B.



## WANTED, FOR SALE, AND IN EXCHANGE—Continued from 2nd page of cover.

## FOR SALE.

**FROUDE'S** History of England, 12 vols., 1858, half-bound, green, excellent condition. What offers, cash?—**Allen**, Stocklinch, Ilminster.

**CONSTITUCIONES** Artis Gemetrice Secundum Encydem; a facsimile of the early poem on Freemasonry, 1889; a perfectly clean copy; original binding, rubbed. What offers?—**B.**, 24 Muswell Hill, N.

**THE** Larger Temple Shakespeare, 12 vols., large paper copy, No. 166; what offers?—**Baillie**, Grand Pump Room, Bath.

**STUDIO**, Whirlwind, The Savoy, The Butterfly, The Dome, all in parts; The Evergreen, Phil May's Annals, complete sets. Best offers to **Bayne**, 36 Annet Street, Glasgow.

**BARRIE'S** Window in Thrums, édition de luxe, condition as new, leaves unopened; what offers? **Stevenson's** Across the Plains, 1st edition, as new, 5s.—**E. Bond**, Eye, Suffolk.

**MARK TWAIN**, Edition de Luxe; Gasquet's Eve of Reformation, 1st edition.—**A. D. Brash**, County Hotel Buildings, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC** Art Journal, Vol. 1 (cloth), 2 and 3 (unbound), édition de luxe; Practical Photographer, Nos. 1-6, 9, 10, 13, for sale or exchange unbound numbers Studio (prior to January 1903).—**Dr. Buckley**, "Norwood," Oldham.

**SPECIAL** offer of Walter Crane's Masterpiece; Spenser's Faerie Queen, 6 volumes for £7 10s. net, published at £10 15s.—**Henry F. Bumpus**, 335 High Holborn, W.C.

**SHAKESPEAREANA**.—Chalmers' Apology and Malone's Enquiry into Shakespeare Papers, 4 vols., 1796-7, 25s.; Green's Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers, 1870, 8s. 6d.—**Button**, 155 Tavistock Street, Bedford.

**VOLTAIRE**, Œuvres, complete, 17 vols., calf, 1762, 33s.; Connoisseur, complete to date, 36 parts, 42s.; Lange, Life of Christ, 6 vols., 1864, 6s.; Rowlandson's Westminster Election, 1784, 28s.—**David Cadney**, Cambridge.

**IMPORTANT** Collection of Jest and Anecdote Books, over 150 separate works, mostly scarce, some very early, including Joe Miller's Jest (rather incomplete), Mark Lemon, Peters, Hazlitt, &c.; the lot for £7 10s.—**The Chaucer Book Co.**, 37 St. Martin's Court, W.C.

**CONNOISSEUR**, vol. 1, morocco, and Nos. 5 to 26 inclusive, 1st edit.; new.—**Combridge's Library**, 56 Church Road, Hove.

**ROUND** (J. H.), The Commune of London, new, for 5s. 6d. (pub. 12s. 6d.); Sheppard (E.), The Old Royal Palace of Whitehall, illustrated, new, for 7s. 6d. (pub. 21s., postage free).—**J. G. Commin**, 230 High St., Exeter.

**SOCIAL REFORMERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA**, complete set, 11 vols., including Labour Representation, Land Question, Trade Unionism, Socialism and General Politics, with hundreds of special articles, biographies and portraits, 7s. 6d. free.—**Joseph Edwards**, Kirriemuir, Glasgow.

**OFFERS** Wanted for Vols. 101 to 142 of the Proceedings of Institution of Civil Engineers.—**F.**, 19 Dartmouth Street, S.W.

**JOHN LOCKE**.—Essay on Human Understanding, 1692, 1st edition, splendid condition. What offers?—**E. G. J. Fairnie**, 130 Belgrave Road, Oldham.

**CHRISTIAN** Mysticism, by William Ralph Inge, M.A. (12s. 6d. net), for 8s.; Aunt Minervy Ann, by J. Chandler Harris (4s. 6d. net), for 3s. 6d.—**Farmer & Sons** (Young's Library), 179 Kensington High Street, W.

## FOR SALE.

**PHENICIAN** Ireland, trans. from the Latin of Villanueva, by Henry O'Brien (London), 4s. 6d. post free.—**M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd.**, 50 O'Connell Street Upper, Dublin.

**GEORGE COURTNEY LYTTLETON'S** History of England, 1st edit., 1803, vols. 1 and 3 (of 3). Many good and curious engravings and maps. Large quarto. Offers?—**Goodwin**, 11 Chalk Farm Road, N.W.

**NAUMANN'S** Hist. of Music, 5 vols., as new, free, 14s., cost 37s. 6d.; Grove's Dictionary of Music, 4 vols., new, free, 52s. 6d.—**Harry Greenwood**, 34 Bull Green, Halifax.

**BOOK** Bargains at the GROSVENOR LIBRARY. We are disposing of many thousands of modern 6s. novels, all clean insides, 10 for 12s., packed free.—Only address 36 Chapel Street, Belgrave Square, S.W.

**SURPLUS** BOOKS (English and Foreign).—Novels, Travels, Biographies, Essays, &c., &c., may be obtained at very low rates. Packets of 6 recent novels in good second-hand condition for 5s.—**The Grosvenor Gallery Library**, 18 South Molton Street, W.

**THE SAVOY**, Quarterly Magazine, Jan. and April 1896; Illustrations by Aubrey Beardsley, Louis Oury, Jacques L. Blanchot, W. Rothenstein, M. Beerbohm, J. Pennell, W. Sickert.—Write, **H.**, 24 Fitzroy Square, W.

**LARGE** Colotype Port. of "Fontenoy," Lord Clare, now 5s., a few only; P. M. Egan's Hist. of Co. and City of Waterford, 1,000 pp., ill., free, 1s. 6d.—**James Hayes**, Bookseller, Ennis.

**TRANSACTIONS** of Royal Horticultural Society, 4to, old calf, Vols. 1 to 7, 42s.; Nansen's Farthest North, 2 vols., 15s.; Virginians, 2 vols., 1st edit., uncut, 20s.—**Hiscocke & Son**, Richmond, Surrey.

**BARGAIN**.—Kipling's Works, édition De Luxe, 21 vols., as new, £14 14s.; Armstrong's Hogarth, new (£10 10s. net), £4 15s.; Oremerson, 2 vols. and portfolio extra plates, 30s.—**Holland Bros.**, 21 John Bright Street, Birmingham.

**CHEAP** Classics for Library: Virgil, Coington, 3 vols. 21s.; Homer's Iliad, Paley, 2 vols., 5s.; Odyssey, Hayman, 2 vols., 5s.; Tacitus, Church and B., 2 vols., 2s. 6d.; Herodotus, Gaisford, 2 vols., 2s. 6d.—**E. Idle**, 23 Brayburne Avenue, S.W.

**SELLON'S** Annotations of the Sacred Writings of the Hindus, 8vo, wps., privately printed, 1902, 10s. 6d. free.—**Jukes'** Book stores, Birmingham.

**STUDIO**.—A Set to date, in parts, with or without extra nos.; also Sets of Buttery's, 1st series, 1893; 2nd series, 1899.—Offers to **Kilgour**, 26 Nelson Street, Edinburgh.

**OPUSCULORUM** Christianorum, rare 2nd edit., 1497, good condition; also fine collection of old Plays—Jonson, Cibber, British Theatre, Cumberland Plays, &c., 168 vols. What offers?—Particulars of **L.**, c/o Ginn, 19 Princess Road, Regent's Park.

**EDEN**, or the Compleat Book of Gardening, 1737, leather, good condition; Graphic, vols. 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 9, cloth. Best offers.—Hon. Sec., **Lit. Institute**, Dorking.

**CHOIR** Stalls and their Carvings, 300 Examples and Miscellanies from English Cathedrals and Churches, described by E. Phipson, 1896, 4to. (published 2 guineas net), 10s. 6d.—**Macmillan & Bowes**, Cambridge.

## FOR SALE.

**A BARGAIN** Set of Dickens. The "John Foster" Edition, in 19 vols., including Life by John Forster, and Dickens Dictionary; illustrated from Plates as used in the original editions by Seymour, Cruikshank, Phils, &c.; large type; handsomely and strongly bound in maroon cloth, as new (published at £24 4s.); offered at £2 2s.—**Midland Educational Co., Ltd.**, Corporation Street, Birmingham.

**NOVELS** for Winter Evenings.—A parcel of 10 surplus 6s. Library Novels will be forwarded, car. pd., for 5s. 6d., by **Modern Library Co.**, 56 Oxford Road, Manchester. Appreciated by Institutions after reading.

**THE** Death of Genone, Akbar's Dream, &c., by Tennyson, five steel engravings, bound white and gold, only 500 copies printed, certificate attached, price 21s.—**W. Summers Morris**, Bookseller, Swindon.

**FOR** Sale:—Lizars' Anatomical Plates; large edition; in good condition, minus clasps. What offers?—**Novelist**, 13 Victoria Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

**VIEWS** of all Counties, on approval; good parcel of Oxfordshire, including some folios by Farrington and some by Boydell; large parcels of Devon, Gloucestershire, Leicestershire, Norfolk, Yorkshire, Ireland, Scotland, Wales.—**Ridgway**, Gravesend.

**FULL** Set of 24 parts of Living Animals of the World; 1,000 illustrations from photos; in perfect condition, 6s.—**Miss P. Ross**, Hope House, Kersal, Manchester.

**HISTORY** OF THE REFORMATION, D'Aubigne, 5 vols., half calf, 7s.; Rousseau's Confessions, 2 vols., 25s.; Farmer's Violin Tutor, 2s. free. Wanted, "Songs of Two Savoyards."—**Rutter & Co.**, Moorland Road, Leeds.

**ILLUSTRATED** London News, 1848-1902, incomplete set, bound, 96 vols., backs of 9 vols. slightly damaged. What offers?—**Secretary**, Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh.

**THE** Goupil Art Biographies, Henry VIII., Charles I., Charles II., Prince Edward, Cromwell, Sophia, Josephine, Marie Louise, Napoleon et son Fils, &c.; large and small paper copies.—**S. W. Simms**, Bath.

**ENCYCLOPEDIA** Britannica, "Times" edit., 35 vols., whole morocco, as new, with oak revolving case complete; splendid opportunity.—**Social Reformers' Bookshop**, 56 High Street, Oxford.

**THACKERAY'S** Works, 26 vols., 1893, 4-mor.; Hawkes' worth's Voyages, 3 vols., 1773; Lyon's History of Dover, 1813; Blackie's Encyc., 14 vols., new, 1894.—**C. A. Streicher**, York.

**CELEBRITIES** of the Army, coloured portraits, Newnes' edition, 7s. 6d.; Flag to Fretoria, 2 vols., orig. cloth, 10s. 6d.; Relict of Lady Smith, J. B. Atkins, 2s. 6d.—**J. W. Thompson**, 45 Pasture St., Grimsby.

**BENTLEY'S** Works, Thornton Edition, by Temple Scott, large type, 12 vols., including Life, good set (pub. £3), for 35s.; Corvo's Chronicles of the House of Burgin, illus. (21s. net), for 7s.—**Walker**, 37 Briggate, Leeds.

**LETTERS** to W. G. & H. G. (Gladstone), by John Ruskin, privately printed, 1903, 25s.; Ashbee's Reprint Wren's Parentalia (No. 94), 250 copies, £3 10s.—**X.**, 1 Regent Terrace, Cambridge.

## CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE

**RED  
WHITE**

DRINK THE

DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST  
& AFTER DINNER.

**& BLUE**

In making, use less quantity, it being so much  
stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

**SEE NEXT PAGE.**

## COMPETITION COUPON.

\* \* This Coupon is also available for ANY COMPETITION, and should be attached to the MS.

"ACADEMY" FREE ADVERTISEMENT COUPON.  
Insert attached advertisement on the conditions named, of

(here say Book, Picture, &c.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Feb. 4, 1905.

Under the General Editorship of Mr. HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

**"FISHING."**

Now Ready. In Two Volumes. Price 25s. net. 12s. 6d. net per Volume.

THESE New Volumes (on "Fishing") of the "Country Life" Library of Sport are offered to the public in the full confidence that nothing so complete of their kind have yet been published. The names of the experts whom the editor has been fortunate enough to enlist in his service are a guarantee in themselves of the treatment of the various subjects. The illustrations are very numerous. There are over two hundred and fifty full-page illustrations from photographs, in addition to the reproduction of a very large number of famous old prints, and especial notice may be claimed for the finely coloured and finely reproduced representations of Salmon and Trout Flies.

**CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.**

The Salmon Family (*Salmonidae*): Classification and Distribution. By G. A. Boulenger, F.R.S., V.P.Z.S., &c.  
 Salmon: Their Food and Feeding. By Dr. J. Kingston Barton.  
 The Natural and Artificial Reproduction of Salmon and Trout. By J. B. Fielding, F.L.S., F.Z.S., &c.  
 Salmon Flies. By John James Hardy.  
 Salmon Fishing: Hooks and Knots. By John James Hardy.  
 On the Make and Choice of Salmon Rods, Reels, &c. By John James Hardy.  
 Casting the Salmon Fly. By John James Hardy.  
 The Spey Throw. From Notes by Lord Walter Gordon-Lennox.  
 Salmon Fishing: Playing the Fish. By John James Hardy.  
 Spinning, Prawning, &c., for Salmon. By John James Hardy.  
 The Making of Salmon Passes. By the Editor.  
 Norwegian Angling. By Captain C. E. Radclyffe.  
 Salmon Fishing in the Estuaries. By J. W. Willis Bund.  
 The Trout (*Salmo Trutta*): Classification. By G. A. Boulenger, F.R.S., V.P.Z.S., &c.  
 The Breeding of Trout. From Notes by Mr. E. V. Corrie, of the Itchen River Trout-Breeding Establishment, Chilland, near Winchester.  
 How to Make a Trout Stream. By E. Valentine Corrie.  
 Fishing with the Floating Fly: Definition. By Frederic M. Halford.  
 Fishing with the Floating Fly: Patterns of Flies. By Frederic M. Halford.  
 Fishing with the Floating Fly: The Rod and Tackle. By Frederic M. Halford.  
 Fishing with the Floating Fly: Throwing the Fly. By Frederic M. Halford.  
 Fishing with the Floating Fly: Fishing the Fly. By Frederic M. Halford.  
 Fishing with the Floating Fly: Killing the Fish. By Frederic M. Halford.  
 A Typical Day on the Test. By Martin Smith.  
 Fishing with the Wet Fly. By the Editor.  
 Angling for Sea Trout. By the Hon. A. E. Gathorne Hardy.  
 Some Recollections of Sea Trout Fishing. By the Hon. A. E. Gathorne Hardy.  
 The Charr (*Salmo alpinus*) and Allies. By G. A. Boulenger, F.R.S., V.P.Z.S., &c.  
 Angling for Charr (*Salmo alpinus*). By R. B. Marston.  
 The Grayling and Whitefish. By G. A. Boulenger, F.R.S., V.P.Z.S., &c.  
 Angling for Grayling. By R. B. Marston.

**CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.**

The Tarpoons and the Gar-Fish. By G. A. Boulenger, F.R.S., V.P.Z.S., &c.  
 Tarpon and other Big Finnes of Florida. By J. Turner-Turner.  
 The Mahseer and the Bala: Natural History and Classification. By G. A. Boulenger, F.R.S., V.P.Z.S., &c.  
 Mahseer Fishing. By Hercules Ross.  
 Fishing-Rods and Tackle for Mahseer. By John James Hardy.  
 The Pike (*Esox*). By G. A. Boulenger, F.R.S., V.P.Z.S., &c.  
 Fishing for Pike: The Quarry. By A. Jardine.  
 Fishing for Pike: History and Habits. By A. Jardine.  
 Fishing for Pike: Fables and Records. By A. Jardine.  
 Fishing for Pike: Rods and Tackle. By A. Jardine.  
 Fishing for Pike: "Spinning" "Live-Baiting," and "Paternostering." By A. Jardine.  
 The Perches (*Percidæ*). By G. A. Boulenger, F.R.S., V.P.Z.S., &c.  
 Perch: "Paternoster" and "Float-Fishing." By A. Jardine.  
 The Carp Family (*Cyprinidæ*). By G. A. Boulenger, F.R.S., V.P.Z.S., &c.  
 Angling for Carp. By R. B. Marston.  
 Angling for Barbel. By R. B. Marston.  
 Angling for Roach and Rudd. By R. B. Marston.  
 Angling for Chub and Dace. By R. B. Marston.  
 Angling for Tench. By R. B. Marston.  
 Angling for Bream. By R. B. Marston.  
 The Eels (*Anguillidæ*). By G. A. Boulenger, F.R.S., V.P.Z.S., &c.  
 Angling for Eels, &c. By R. B. Marston.  
 Eel Trapping. By J. W. Willis Bund.  
 British Sea Fish. By G. A. Boulenger, F.R.S., V.P.Z.S., &c.  
 Sea Fishing: Introductory. By F. G. Afalo.  
 Sea Fishing from Boats: Mackerel Fishing. By F. G. Afalo.  
 Sea Fishing from Boats: Pollack Fishing. By F. G. Afalo.  
 Sea Fishing from Boats: Whiting and other Fish. By F. G. Afalo.  
 Sea Fishing from Boats: Bass Fishing. By F. G. Afalo.  
 Sea Fishing from Boats: General Remarks. By F. G. Afalo.  
 Sea Fishing from Fixed Positions. By F. G. Afalo.  
 Sea Fishing from Fixed Positions: Fishing from Rocks. By F. G. Afalo.  
 Sea Fishing from Fixed Positions: Fishing from Sandy Shores. By F. G. Afalo.  
 Sea Fishing from Fixed Positions: Fishing from Piers and Harbours. By F. G. Afalo.  
 Some Notes on Balts. By F. G. Afalo.  
 Fishery Laws. By J. W. Willis Bund.

Published by GEO. NEWNES &amp; CO., LIMITED, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

**BIG AND BIGGER**

Many have written pointing out that while the present offer of "The Academy" Model Williams Typewriter at 40% discount is a very fine one, it does not interest them, because they want a "brief" size



machine (The Williams No. 3). The success of our offer has been so great and so immediate that we are encouraged to meet this request, and now offer the Brief Size (i.e. a machine which takes brief paper) Williams Typewriter for £14 : 14 : 0 net cash, or on the instalment plan for 12s. 6d. per month. This machine is of the utmost value to barristers, solicitors, builders, architects, and to all who have to draw up specifications or tenders of any sort. Full details will be sent you if you will write for them to "The Academy" Typewriter Department, 9 East Harding St., London, E.C., or will be given to you if you will call at the Williams Typewriter Office: London, 57 Holborn Viaduct; Aberdeen, 115 Union St.; Belfast, 71 Ann St.; Birmingham, 28 High St.; Burnley, 9 Grimshaw St.; Cardiff, 8 St. John's Square; Dublin, 5 Upper Ormond Quay; Edinburgh, 19 Shandwick Place; Exeter, 31 Queen St.;

Glasgow, 69 Bothwell St.; Leeds, 3 Park Lane; Leicester, 60-64 Halford St.; Leigh, 64 Bond St.; Liverpool, 16 Union St., Exchange; Manchester, 267 Deansgate; Middlesbrough, Royal Exchange; Newcastle, 21 Collingwood St.; Nottingham, Prudential Buildings; Portsmouth, 154 Queen St.; Southampton, 12 Portland St.; Sheffield, 72 Queen St.